



Mistakes Made By Mothers

What is said about children, even quite small children, within their hearing, often has a profound effect on their characters. Take note of some of the things that should not be said.

D. F. Miller

RAISING CHILDREN correctly is not an easy task. Human beings, even when they are very young and very small, are complex organisms, and they are delicately impressionable. It cannot always be known exactly what will aid their growth to maturity and what will stunt it. But many pitfalls can be recognized and avoided by mothers (and fathers) who want to do the best they can for their children.

Perhaps the most common mistake made by mothers is based on ignorance of an important psychological truth. It is the truth that children hear and are affected by things said about them to others, even though they seem to be paying no attention at the time. Many parents talk to their friends, in the presence of their children, as if the latter were deaf, or, if not deaf, at least incapable of understanding what is said about them. They wonder later on how their children could have acquired certain twisted outlooks and odious habits.

Ten examples of the kind of thing parents should not say about a child or theirs, in the child's hearing, are here presented. They apply to children anywhere from five to fifteen years of age.

The examples are drawn from actual experience; almost everyone will have heard mothers speaking in one or several of these veins about their children. After each example of imprudent talk about a child, it will be stated what could and often does happen to a child who overhears such things.

1.

"Junior (9 years old) just won another prize in school. One of the teachers said he is the most brilliant boy in his grade. The wonderful thing about it is that he doesn't even have to study to lead his class. He just looks at his lessons and seems to absorb them. I'm sure that if they would let him, he could move up into the next grade and lead his class there too. He's going to be the genius of the family. He will never have to work very hard to make a living . . ."

Junior is off to a good start toward becoming a snob. Excessive praise of children can go to their heads more damagingly than to those of adults, for whom it is bad enough. Also, Junior may become lazy and self-satisfied as a result of hearing such talk. A child is always pleased to learn that he doesn't have to work very hard, and

will be moved by hearing it to work less and less.

This is not to say that a child should never hear itself praised. Praise for a job well done has a definite part to play in the upbringing of a child. But the praise should be moderate, and it should be accompanied by some reference to the fact that talent is God-given and not self-created, and that it increases a child's responsibility to make the most of it. Parents who praise a child in the presence of others should also permit the child to hear them speak of its shortcomings, so that it will not think that it has reached perfection.

2.

"Poor Jack (10 years old) can't keep up with his older brothers in his records at school. The older boys all got pretty good marks in school, but Jack's are awful. I don't know what we are going to do with him. Most likely he will turn out to be a ditch-digger or a taxi-driver, because he surely isn't going to know very much when he gets out of school."

A good way, this, to create a deep-rooted inferiority complex in the mind of a child. Jack may be having his troubles in making progress in his studies, but there may be a score of reasons for it other than that he has a hopelessly weak mind. Backwardness at school calls for physical examinations, consultation with teachers at school, the help of parents at home, etc. Instead of commenting on a child's slowness at school, parents should commend its efforts, and speak with hope of the future. A speech like the above can induce a child to give up all hope.

3.

"Jerry's teacher is a dope. She doesn't seem to understand children at all. Imagine! She punished Jerry the other day just because he pushed a little girl in front of him in ranks. She got in his way and he gave her a little push, and

she fell down, probably on purpose. So this teacher makes Jerry stand in a corner for half an hour. I was so mad when Jerry came home and told me about it that I could have gone right over and laid out the principal for permitting teachers to do such things. I have half a mind to take him out of that school and put him in another one . . ."

If this sort of talk continues, Jerry will be completely unmanageable by the time he is 12. He will be pushing little girls around and bullying little boys all over the place, and he will be showing disrespect for all his superiors. The more a child is defended at home for its faults at school, the more it will deserve punishment at school. The sensible attitude of a good mother is to assume that every punishment her child is given at school is deserved. The most effective training for a child is to give a rebuke and sometimes another punishment at home for every one received at school. The child will not then come to think that it can get by with anything, either at home or at school.

4.

"We didn't want Danny when he came. We figured we had enough children. And he certainly is making us regret more and more that he was born. He has an awful streak of contrariness inside him. He won't pick up his things. He won't behave at the table. He breaks every toy that is given to him. He talks back to me, and even his father can't do much with him. He is always hanging around with those tough children down the street, and I cannot even get him to come home in time for his meals. He certainly is a cross . . ."

Yes, and he is going to continue to be a cross, a problem, a misfit. Any mother who permits her child to feel, either through what she says to it in anger or what she says about it to

others, that it is not wanted in the home, is murdering the character of her child. Nothing more horrible can happen to a child than to be given the impression that it should not have been born. All the contrariness Danny has already shown can be traced to this source. He has sensed his unwelcomeness; he has no doubt heard it from his mother in her moments of impatience; he hears her speak of it to others. So Danny has already acquired anti-social tendencies, and a love for other anti-social children who are probably equally unwanted in their homes. Danny can grow up to be a criminal, with the start he now has.

5.

"Yes, you bet I signed the petition to keep that nigger family from taking a house in this neighborhood. Do you think I want little Alby here to be playing with nigger children? Everybody knows that they are dirty, dishonest, destructive, and immoral. And if they ever admit a colored child into Alby's school, I'll take him out of there at once. There are lots of other parents who feel as I do. The niggers belong down south, in their own neighborhoods, with their own schools. I can't see why they have to force themselves on respectable people. They must be kept in their place. Why, everybody knows that they ruin a whole neighborhood as soon as they move in . . ."

Poor Alby! He is being brought up in an atmosphere of the most un-Christian, un-American and inhuman race prejudice and hatred. All his life he will remember, whenever he hears the word "Negro", the words "dirty, dishonest, destructive and immoral". Without an evil mother of this kind, Alby would probably accept Negroes as human beings with immortal souls like his own, and would pay but little attention to the color of their skin.

His mother is teaching him to look on them as scum, and so he will look on them all his life unless a great grace intervenes. More of the race prejudice in the world is due to mothers like this one than to any other single cause.

6.

"We are sending Joey to Country Day School. It costs a great deal, but we are happy we can afford it. There he will meet children who belong to his station in society. He wanted to go to the public school, but we told him that that is where poor people's children go. We are trying to make him realize that he is more fortunate than children who have to go to the public school. Some day he will have his father's money, and he will have to know the right people and to move in the right circles. At Country Day he will grow up with the right kind of companions for his future life . . ."

Another snob in the making. The patronizing attitude toward the poor (by which this mother means anybody who has to work at ordinary tasks for a living) is quickly absorbed by children from their parents. Joey will acquire the conviction that if a man works in a factory there is something wrong with him, and that if he belongs to a workingmen's union, he is either a foreigner or a racketeer. He will be very class-conscious, the classes being set off by money. There is also a good chance that he will grow up to be a wastrel, a spendthrift, a play-boy, since he has his parents' money to count on, and is not permitted to forget it.

7.

"Our little Eddie has a sweetheart already. It's that little Smith girl down the street. They are both in the 7th grade, but she is even smaller than he is. He carries her books home, and always saves some of his candy for her. He says he's going to marry her some

day, can you imagine that? We kid him about it, but he doesn't seem to mind. Why, sometimes when we ask him to do something for us, he says he's got a date with his girl. On Sunday afternoons we let him take her to the movies, and you should see them holding hands as they go down the street. Isn't that rich? . . ."

Little Eddie is going to be a little devil with the girls by the time he gets into high school. By promoting his precocious interest in girls his parents are setting a pattern that will give them (and Eddie) plenty of trouble later on. It is difficult enough for any adolescent, in these days of "cradle courtships", to keep his awakening passions from running away with him. One who, from his 11th year, has been taught to think it "cute" to have love affairs, will easily grow to think it wonderful to indulge youthful passions in love affairs. Many parents are to blame for the moral disasters that overtake their children in high school, because they make light of affairs that are the greatest danger.

8.

"Oh, I don't have any trouble making Billy behave himself. You see, he once saw a policeman take a bad boy, who lived down the street, to jail, and it frightened him to death. Billy saw the policeman push the boy into the police wagon and then get in beside him. Now, whenever Billy is misbehaving, all I have to do is to tell him that I'm going to call that policeman, and you should see how quickly he comes to time. Sometimes, all I have to do is to make believe I'm walking toward the telephone, and he will drop everything and run off and hide . . . No, we don't have any trouble with our Billy . . ."

But you will pay dearly for the means you have used to keep him in line. You are fostering a dangerous neurosis in the character of Billy. The frequency

with which you threaten him with being taken by the police, against the background of what he saw happen to another boy, has no doubt already destroyed the basic security a child should feel in its own home. But more than that, it is confirming and increasing an unfounded fear of the police, that may some day blossom into the hatred that is a common element in the make-up of criminals. In heaven's name, stop threatening to call the police for Billy, and begin seriously to overcome his fears and to implant respect and understanding for the police.

9.

"One thing I've determined on, ever since Jimmy was born, and that is that he is not going to have to work like I did when I was a girl. I was raised on a farm. I had to get up at four every morning. I had to milk the cows and help prepare breakfast and make the beds. I was never given any spending money. I don't want Jimmy to have to remember his childhood in that way. That's why I don't ask him to do any chores around the house. That's why we're not having any more children, so that Jimmy can have the best of everything. He's going to remember his childhood as a wonderful time . . ."

You could not do worse for your son. It is a fateful fallacy for parents to think that it is good for their children to be spared from all toil. No adult can possibly be happy who has not acquired a love for work, whether his livelihood depends on it or not. Such a love for work can best be implanted in the home, from earliest childhood onward. This Jimmy is growing up under many handicaps. Without brothers and sisters to share things with and to do things for, and with a mother who is training him to think that he gets everything for nothing, he will grow up to think that the world owes him a living. He will be

a poor bet as a husband. He may become a parasite, a drifter, a cadger and a beggar. This child would be better off by far if only it had to work just as hard as its mother did.

10.

"Bobby has a wonderful imagination. I think he is going to be a great writer some day. He can tell the most interesting and engaging lies you ever heard. The other day someone asked him where he got his scooter, and he said he made it out of junk right here in the cellar. He seldom tells his right age when he's asked; if he thinks it would be nice to be younger than he is, he knocks off a couple of years; if he takes a notion to be older, he adds a couple

of years. It's got so that we ask him questions just to see what he will say. With his imagination he certainly will be a great writer of fiction . . ."

Telling lies is not the same as writing fiction, and is not a good preparation for writing fiction. It is, on the contrary, one of the most dangerous of all possible faults of character. Some children do show an unusual tendency towards lying, but in such cases parents should use extraordinary means to check and overcome it. If they do not, or if they promote the habit by laughing about it, they will find their child growing into an insufferable adult. He will be a braggart, a hypocrite, and perhaps a "con" man and a scoundrel.

Credits and Debits

According to *Capper's Weekly*, a certain British army lieutenant thought himself quite fortunate not long ago when he received his promotion to the rank of captain. The promotion was retroactive as regards pay to April 1st, 1941, but by some typing inadvertance, the date was printed "April 1st, 1041."

The lieutenant promptly wrote to the paymaster applying for allowances for his new rank covering a period of some 900 years. He received the following reply:

"Your application . . . has been found in order under King's Regulations, and your account accordingly has been credited with the sum of 39,999 pounds. Your letter proves conclusively that you are the sole officer surviving from the Battle of Hastings, where 20,000 horses of an estimated value of two pounds each were lost by negligence. Under King's Regulations, the responsibility for the payment of 40,000 pounds therefore falls on you, the sole survivor. I have accordingly adjusted your account to the extent of a net debit of one pound."

Formula for Escaping Responsibility

1. Don't think.
2. If you have to think, don't talk.
3. If you have to talk, don't write it down.
4. If you have to write it, don't publish it.
5. If you have to publish it, don't sign it.
6. If you have to sign it, write a denial.

—Pipe Dreams



Three Minute Instruction

On Hypnotism

It has become quite common, on radio and television programs, and in variety theatres, to see demonstrations of the power of hypnotism. The moral principles governing this unusual practice should be known to all.

1. Submitting to hypnotism is not without danger, all authorities agree. It can weaken the personality, and leave an abnormal suggestibility, together with a propensity to artificial sleep. It can also leave an inordinate sense of dependence on someone else, that may grow into an inferiority complex. Therefore there must be a good reason both for practicing it and for submitting to it. Even with a good reason the conditions under which it is used must be morally and scientifically safeguarded.

2. Some of the valid reasons for the use of hypnotism are: to free patients from phobias and fixed ideas, to dissipate neuroses, to correct dangerous faults in children, and to anesthetize a patient who cannot stand any other kind of anesthesia. Mere amusement is not a sufficient reason for practicing or submitting to hypnotism. Therefore stage and radio participation would be wrong.

3. The conditions under which recourse to hypnotism would not be wrong, provided there is a good reason for it, are: 1) it must be under the direction of a capable physician of good moral repute; 2) the patient's consent must be given, or, in cases of mental trouble, must be fairly presumed; 3) if at all possible, there should be a witness or witnesses on hand as a safeguard against evil; 4) there must be no trace of superstition, belief in occult forces, spiritism, or any other sort of magical influence, on the part of either the practitioner or the subject, in either the technique or the purpose of the treatment; 5) the object sought must be solely the mental or physical health of the patient.

There is yet much to be learned about hypnotism, and it may prove some day to have a special value in certain types of cases. But it is not something for amateurs to play with, nor for normal people to submit to "just for fun".

Jungle Sick Call

Where the Brazilian jungle is thick and heavy, and the only roads are the broad Amazon and its tributaries, young American priests have many experiences like this, which one of their number describes.

W. F. McKee

WHEN I STEPPED into the canoe I had my doubts. I looked at the bent, wrinkled old man in the prow and then turned to the youngster in the stern. I looked at the canoe. The old man must have been seventy years old; the youngster, about ten. The canoe somewhere in between. It was leaking badly.

I had my doubts that I would ever reach the sick woman in time. I didn't think that such seemingly unfit paddlers and such an unfit canoe would make the journey quickly enough because the sick woman lived more than three hours from the priests' house. Tucking my habit in my cincture to keep it from dragging in the dirty water in the canoe, and getting a tight grip on my sick-call kit and a bottle of drinking water I said: "Let's go."

In ten minutes my doubts began to dissolve and in an hour were gone. The canoe was cutting through the muddy waters of the mighty Amazon as though propelled by an outboard motor, even though we were going upstream. When the hour passed and the two paddlers did not slacken the killing pace nor give signs of tiring I said to the old man: "You must be tired. Do you want me to paddle?"

He did not answer for a few moments. Then without resting his paddle he turned a bearded face to me and said briefly: "The Padre never paddles."

I was rebuked and knew it.

The second hour passed with the paddles biting into the water as strongly as ever. I said to the boy: "I guess you are very tired keeping up this pace." He

smiled very patronizingly at me as if I were asking a very foolish question and said: "No."

A black, heavy storm was brewing on the horizon. As I watched it my stomach's butterflies turned loose and went into their act. I was apprehensive. In a small canoe storms on the great river are no joke. Soon the angels that control storms were waving their wands over the waters to whitecap the waves, while others were industriously dumping huge buckets of water on us. We couldn't see twenty feet in front of the canoe at one time. But roll, pitch or toss, the pace continued as before. The three of us were soaked.

When the storm abated a little I started bailing the canoe. The old man shouted to me: "We're getting near."

I shouted back to him: "It's good of you to go to all this trouble to fetch the priest."

He said: "It's nothing."

I couldn't help think that five hours of paddling (to make the round trip) was a bit more than nothing.

Then he said: "I make this trip often. I frequently go down to town to buy things for widows who have no male relatives or for men who are sick."

I thought to myself: "Well, you grand old beggar, you." And then aloud to him: "Do you get paid anything for your trouble?" I was making conversation more than asking a question, but as soon as I asked it I knew that I had made a mistake.

He stopped paddling and turned a pained face to me and said: "Oh, no,

Padre! I would never accept money for anything like that."

I was impressed then. Later when I saw his hut, the wretched pallet on which he sleeps, and the broken knife which is his principal tool in tapping the rubber trees, I was more impressed. The dirty, ignorant and bearded old man had reiterated a lesson which I have been frequently taught here in the Amazon valley: that integrity and greatness are not the property only of the educated, nor of the monied nor of the clean.

At the old man's house a guide was waiting to take me into the jungle proper to the house of the sick woman. The going was rough because of the rain. The mud which had oozed into my shoes slurched and gurgled as we made rapid strides.

We soon came to the clearing. I hastened up the steps of a flimsy ladder and greeted a crowd of people assembled in one room of the two room hut. They ushered me to the side of the dying woman. She was lying flat on her back, arms widely extended, on the crude floor, unconscious. Her eyes were half open and were glassy. From her wide open mouth came the gasps of one in the death agony, and an awful odor. I had arrived just in time.

I knelt at her side and opened the sick-call kit while debating with myself whether or not there was time to give her the long form of the sacraments. I decided on the long form.

The room was very small and there were about fifteen people in it. The air was damp, hot and close. I hadn't eaten anything that day since breakfast and it was nearly one o'clock. The woman had a horrible stench about her. Thus when I bent down and put my mouth close to her ear to say the act of contrition in her ear I found that I had to vomit. I dashed for the outside. The

clean air dispelled the nausea and I retained my breakfast. I stuffed cotton from my sick-call kit in my nose and tried it again. That worked.

I finished the administration of the sacraments all the while wondering what the poor soul had done in her life that she merited the grace of a priest's presence at the eleventh hour and under such conditions.

After the prayers for the dying we said the rosary. During the rosary I heard only one voice, that of a girl, who said all the prayers correctly. When we finished I turned to her and said: "How is it that you know all the prayers while the rest don't?" She pointed to the dying woman and said: "My mother taught them to me." Perhaps that was the reason why I was there.

We continued the prayers and the woman seemed neither worse nor better. I decided that there was not much left for me to do but to go home. When I stepped into the other room a woman asked me to stay for a minute to take coffee. I sat down on a box and the men sat on the floor. The women stood. A girl brought me a cup of strong, black coffee unsweetened. I could see that she was embarrassed because the very sweet cup of coffee is the sign of hospitality in the Amazon Valley. But I could also see that the family was too poor to buy sugar. I drank the coffee, which tasted like acid, and when I thanked her she started to cry. Perhaps she was expecting a rebuke for the lack of sugar and my 'thank you very much' was too much for her. I don't know. Anyway she took the cup away and kept filling it and taking it away as each man had his coffee. This was necessary because there was only one cup.

When all the men had drunk I rose to leave. It was still raining, and the sky threatened more rain, but I couldn't

have gotten much wetter than I was. One man, evidently the chief of the place, asked me: "Padre, would you delay a little longer? We are preparing things for your return."

I said: "I would like to get back to Coari before supper. The trip will take nearly two hours." At least then I thought that it would. I had made the same trip by motor boat and it had taken an hour. I didn't think that a canoe could do that well.

The man smiled: "No, it won't, Padre."

Just then two young fellows came out of the bush carrying two long, thin and pliable looking trees. They looked me over and one said: "He is pretty tall. Maybe we'd better get taller trees."

The chief said to them: "No, those will serve. Hurry up. Did the other arrive yet?"

One of the youths answered: "Yes, they're waiting down at the shore."

I didn't understand quite what was going on. We continued talking.

A man asked: "Is the World War still going on?"

I said: "No," without batting a lash, remembering that this was the jungle.

Another asked: "Is Peru going to war?" That one had me stumped. I told him I didn't know.

The chief queried: "Is it so cold in your country, Padre, that people die of the cold, as the people here die of the heat?"

"Yes, at times they do."

This small-talk continued for a while and then I went into the other room to see the sick woman before leaving. She was gasping as before with no visible change. We knelt to say some more prayers and as we did the floor gave way under the unaccustomed weight. A secondary beam of the house had broken but had not entirely parted. The people leaped out of the two sides

of the house that were entirely open leaving me and a girl holding the sick woman so that she would not roll out into the mud. The men quickly put some props under the house and I was able to walk out.

The chief told me that everything was ready for departure. We sloshed and slipped through the mud for the half mile to the river. When we got there I saw to my surprise what the preparations were. I was going home in style. The old man and his little canoe were gone and in their place was a huge canoe, about twenty-two feet long and five wide at the center. There were five seats in it and over the center one the men had made a kind of canopy by bending the two small trees to make an inverted U and over the U had placed a thatched roof. Five of the huskiest men that I have seen at one time down here in Brazil were waiting with paddles across their laps. The paddles were easily two feet wide at the widest point and tapered down to a fine point.

Evidently this was the people's way of saying: "Thanks for coming, Padre."

The scene bordered on the dramatic. The paddlers did not look at me as the chief handed me into the canoe. At a word from the leader they pushed off from shore and gave a few easy strokes until a second word came from the chief: "*Embora!*" ("get going.")

At that word the canoe literally leaped. The five giant paddles bit into the water in perfect unison and off we went. It was raining hard, and though there were white-caps the men headed straight for the middle of the Amazon. The canopy was some protection for me against the rain. The men had none at all. But evidently the Padre was going to get home in time for supper or these men would know the reason why.

As the canoe knifed through the

water to the tune of the slapping waves, the beat of the paddles and the patter of raindrops, and as I watched the green shore of the jungle give way at times to the brown roof of some thatched hut, I wondered whether there was ever a President in shiny Cadillac, or a

King in chariot of gold, that rode away from an Inauguration or a Crowning that had more deep content in his heart than I had in leaving a poor hut in an unpainted canoe.

We made the trip in an hour and four minutes.

New Litany of Saints

Thus far, in his ten year reign, Pope Pius XII has presided at the canonization of 13 saints. They are the following:

St. Mary Joseph Rosella, foundress of the Daughters of Our Lady.
St. Joan de Lestonnac, foundress of the Daughters of the Blessed Virgin.
St. Catherine Laboure, of the Miraculous Medal revelations.
St. Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, great writer on devotion to Mary.
St. Michael Garicoits, founder of the Betharram Fathers.
St. Jeanne Elizabeth Bichier de Ages, foundress of the Daughters of the Cross.
St. Bernardino Realino, Italian Jesuit.
St. John de Britto, Portuguese martyr of India.
St. Joseph Cafasso, founder of Turin Ecclesiastical College.
St. Nicholas of Flue, patron of Catholic Switzerland.
St. Frances Xavier Cabrini, first American citizen saint.
St. Gemma Galgani, stigmatic.
St. Euphrasia Pelletier.

Three more canonizations are scheduled for the holy year—1950. They are Blessed Jeanne of Valois, former queen of France; Blessed Bartholomea Capitanio and Blessed Vincenza Gerosa, co-foundresses of a branch of the Sisters of Charity. Several others are under consideration for 1950.

Short Form

Grade Three was making up a spiritual bouquet for the pastor, and one of the little boys proudly presented his offering of 225 litanies recited during a fifteen minute recess period.

"But Tommy," the Sister objected, "how could you possibly say so many litanies in so short a time?"

"It was easy, Sister," said Tommy. "I took my prayer book and made the sign of the cross and I said:

"All the saints on this page, pray for us.

"All the saints on the next page, hear our prayers.

"All the saints on the next page, we beseech you to hear us.

"And from all things on the last page, O Lord, deliver us."

The Coal Strike

A calm, reasoned discussion of a topic that was debated calmly by few people when it was news of the hour.

R. J. Miller

WHEN THE coal strike began at the end of January, 1950, and some 375,000 miners stayed away from the pits with the dogged declaration: "No contract, no work", the first public reaction was one of indignation and sweeping condemnation. The miners, their union, the United Mine Workers, and their president, John L. Lewis, were the objects of choice vituperation from all over the country as the only villains in the tragedy.

As the strike went on, however, a strange thing occurred. Even when the pinch of the coal shortage began to be felt, and even after the miners had defied a Federal court injunction to return to work, something like a note of sympathy for their viewpoint began to creep into the day by day accounts of the strike in the papers, over the radio, and in television broadcasts.

Still there was plenty of blunt condemnation at the same time, and even now that the strike is settled, thank God, there are no doubt many persons who feel that it was all the fault of the miners and John L. Lewis.

This is one of the unfortunate features of any strike on a national scale. Feeling, bitter feeling, is aroused far beyond the actual battle lines of the strike. This was of course particularly the case during the coal strike which, occurring in the dead of winter, affected almost everyone in the country. Nevertheless it might be suggested that if all the persons affected had done a little less "cussing" and a little more praying to the God of peace for labor peace during the strike, the peace might have

come a good deal sooner and been considerably more satisfactory to all concerned.

But now that the strike is over, it would also be in place to stand back and ask with as much detachment as one can muster: after all, is there anything that can be said in favor of the miners and John L. Lewis? Granted that they have some share of blame in the hardships caused by the strike to the country at large, still the spirit of fairness and for that matter the eighth commandment of God require that every Christian and every human being go slow not only on wild talk and unprovable charges against his neighbor; indeed, they even condemn the wilful entertainment of rash judgments about the neighbor in the secrecy of one's own heart.

To begin with, then, the mere fact that the miners went on strike is no reason for an American or a Christian to condemn them. The right to strike is well recognized in American law and practice: it is guaranteed even in the Taft-Hartley Act. And Pope Leo XIII and other modern Popes have never denied it to the workingmen.

This particular strike, however, involved more than the workingmen themselves. It reached into every home in the country, at least in the way of uncertainty and alarm. It involved very closely the common good. On this score there might indeed be question as to the guilt of the miners in going out on strike. The *Code of Social Principles*, a document prepared by eminent Catholic scholars of international reputation,

even lays it down that the point of the common good is of paramount importance in every strike.

It was surely of great importance in the coal strike. While it is true that the hardship caused by it never actually reached the point of desperation on a national scale, the shadow it cast over the American scene was ominous enough, and its "by-products" of bitterness, hatred, hysteria, confusion, were ready grist for the Communist mill.

With this in mind, what could be said for the miners' side of the case? Was it completely wrong for them to go out on the strike? Must one condemn them absolutely?

We can put it practically in this way. Suppose that the pastor in a Pennsylvania mining town was hearing confessions in his parish church one Saturday afternoon while the strike was in progress, and a miner, one of the strikers but a good parishioner of this pastor, comes in to make his regular confession.

If the strike was completely wrong for the miners, then this Catholic miner was guilty of sin in being on strike; and unless he detested his part in it as a sin, promised to give up the idea for the future, and work against it to the best of his ability, his pastor would have to refuse him absolution.

A good pastor would think twice before taking a stand of this kind; twice, and yet again! And, to come to think of it, a great many of the striking coal miners were and are good Catholics, and beyond a doubt many of them did go to confession during the course of the strike. What could their confessors have thought to themselves of the miners' side of the story, supposing that they had doubts of this kind?

What, first of all, about the miners' refusal to obey the government's court order to return to work? Must it not be said that here at least they were

surely wrong, since they openly refused to obey the law of the land and the orders of lawful authority?

The court order or injunction was issued February 11, 1950, under provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, and required the union leaders to see to it that the miners return to work immediately. The same day President Lewis of the United Mine Workers communicated this order to the miners urging them "to return to work forthwith."

How could a miner honestly disregard orders like these?

Well, supposing that a miner was honestly convinced in his own mind that he was being made the victim of gross injustice by this Taft-Hartley injunction, he might very well feel that he was doing nothing wrong in disregarding an unjust imposition. It would be a case of his own subjective attitude, possibly a mistaken attitude, but as far as he was concerned there would be no sin in disobeying what he was convinced was an unjust law.

But was it really the application of an unjust law, at least as far as this injunction matter is concerned?

There again we cannot be too quick to form a judgment. The injunction provisions of Taft-Hartley give the courts power to force workers to their jobs, at least indirectly through the workers' union officials. But here the question arises, what about the thirteenth Amendment to the American Constitution, forbidding "involuntary servitude" in "the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction"? This provision of Taft-Hartley may very well be unconstitutional, even though it does not directly require "involuntary servitude". It has been vigorously denounced as unjust "government by injunction" and a "slave labor law" suggestive of Soviet Russia. In view of these considerations we certainly cannot be too hasty in

declaring that, even aside from personal subjective attitudes, the workers were doing wrong or committing sin in refusing to submit to the injunction.

In fact—and this seems perhaps to be the underlying reason for the grudging sympathy shown the miners in the public press as the strike progressed — granted that they were convinced that they were being made the victims of unjust oppression and slave labor, their stand is readily understandable by any American who loves liberty and hates unjust oppression.

The miners had a dogged watchword for their stand: "No contract, no work!" What lies behind that phrase?

Behind it lie the years of oppressive working conditions, real "slave labor" in the mines, endured by the workers before the days of union contracts. Letters from miners to their trade publication, the *United Mine Workers' Journal*, tell their own story:

I drove a mule in my younger days in the mines and when one was hurt or killed you had to have a good excuse for the boss. If a poor miner got hurt or killed, you didn't hear much about it, *you see, they had to buy the mules*. I have asthma and a heart condition that came from working in the mines. I have worked in the mines from 10 to 14 hours a day for as little as \$45 a month.

I remember the old days when we had to work in mud to our knees for 24c a ton. I have been forced to stay in the mines for three days and nights when there was extra work. My wife would bring my grub to me.

One is tempted to think that such determined opposition to slave labor cannot bring much joy to the Communists, whatever their rejoicing in the confusion caused by the coal strike.

Even since the days of slave labor in

the mines, the miners have had a terribly hard lot. The records of the U.S. Bureau of Mines show that in the year 1949 there were 593 *fatal accidents* to coal miners, an average of about 50 every month; and nevertheless 1949 was practically the only year on record without a *major* mine disaster in the United States!

Besides, over and above the hazardous nature of their occupation, work has been very uncertain for the miners even in the best years. For the twenty year period ending in 1949, the average number of days worked per year by the miners was 187, even under contract. On the other days, the companies simply had no work for them to do; and no work, no pay. Hence the fact that they get something like \$15 a day does not mean too much at the year's end, compared with other industrial American workers, and considering the extraordinarily dangerous nature of their occupation.

Hence too, the fact that they were working only three days a week at the beginning of 1950 did not mean any significant difference from the average working time; for 187 days per year means only 3 and three-fifths days per week!

If the miners' watchword was: "No contract, no work", however, they were evidently willing to work if there was a contract. That brings up the all-important question: Why was there no contract? And that in turn brings John L. Lewis into the picture.

Let us try in turn to get his side of the story. Why was the signing of the contract delayed, and why did the contract as finally signed turn out to be only the kind of compromise that might be expected in any collective bargaining proceeding? What held it up for months, and got the whole country in an uproar?

According to Mr. Lewis, the delay

was caused originally by the attitude of the large mine operators or owners, who were determined to break the union and to sign no contract except one which would have that effect.

What can be said for such a view?

Well, to one who probes ever so slightly into the facts, it cannot be dismissed off-hand. There is a good deal more to it than got into the daily newspapers.

It is not true, to begin with, that *all* the coal companies had refused to sign a contract with the union. While the strike was going on, there were actually 1,700 companies which had signed a new contract, and these companies had a production of 40 million tons of coal per year, out of the total production of about 500 million tons; and the miners employed by these companies were working five and six days a week during the entire strike of the other miners.

If these 1,700 smaller companies could sign, why could not the bigger ones? What held them up?

What held them up? Perhaps a number of reasons could be alleged, but there is one that stands out prominently as the main reason for the long delay: and that one is the unfortunate Taft-Hartley Act.

For years and years both labor and management in the United States have been alike opposed to government intervention in collective bargaining by way of compulsory arbitration. They feel that the bargainers at a labor conference will not work out a solution of their difficulties in good faith if either or both of them has his eye on a government official in the background, who is ready to step in with a compulsory decision; for both parties will put off coming to a decision between themselves in hopes they can get a better deal from the government official.

Taft-Hartley was in contradiction to

this healthy attitude. Its injunction machinery and other provisions opened the way to deciding labor disputes by government *fat* instead of by the collective bargaining process. How this worked out in practice has its perfect example in the coal strike.

Once the government started the injunction machinery of the Taft-Hartley Act rolling, the men representing management at the bargaining table refused to take positive action themselves for the settlement of the dispute, but obviously sat tight in hopes they would get a better deal out of Taft-Hartley. The original injunction was issued on February 11. It failed in its effect to get the men back to work. The government then went on to press a suit for contempt of court against the miners' union. It did not charge the individual miners with this contempt of court; such a charge would have too patently run counter to the Thirteenth Amendment, which forbids "involuntary servitude", and besides, even under Taft-Hartley, individual workingmen cannot be forced to work against their will.

What good would have been accomplished for the coal supply of the country had the miners' union been found guilty of contempt of court, instead of the miners who were refusing to submit to what they considered involuntary servitude or slave labor, is hard to see. But under Taft-Hartley, that was the course to be pursued. The government pursued that course, and tried to construct its case. But this took time; days went by, the coal supplies of the country were dwindling, and still management sat tight awaiting action in their favor from the government. Finally, on March 2, the federal judge handed down his decision: he ruled that there was not sufficient evidence to show that the miners' union instead of the miners was guilty of contempt of court. Taft-

Hartley had been tried and found wanting. It had helped nobody, and had put the whole country in an uproar.

And when the President of the United States went on to try another desperate measure and appealed to the Congress for power to seize the mines, management came to life with a start. Seizure of the mines, with profits going to the government, was the last thing management wanted.

Almost overnight a contract was signed: exactly the kind of contract that might have been signed two weeks or a month before without the spectre of Taft-Hartley. And with the signing of the contract, the miners went back to work.

The true villain in the drama of the coal strike is then the Taft-Hartley Act. And the irony of it is that when the Act was passed four years ago, the main stimulus to its passage was the idea of putting a government curb on John L. Lewis and his miners' union. Now the occasion for which it was created has arisen, and the Act, instead of settling the strike, only prolonged it and made it more serious than it would otherwise have been.

What is obviously needed for labor peace in the United States is not more but less government interference on the Taft-Hartley plan.

With the end of the strike, the country has heaved a sigh of relief and settled down to a period of peace in coal. Let us hope it will be a long one. After the steel strike in the fall of 1949, *The LIGUORIAN* carried an article entitled *The Steel Strike, a New High*, lavishly praising all the parties concerned — government, labor, management — for the "civilized maturity" they dis-

played in the steel strike. (Taft-Hartley was not invoked in that strike). Unfortunately, between the time the article was written and the time it appeared in print, the management of the steel companies saw fit to nullify the author's "lavish praise" in their regard, and showed the opposite of civilized maturity by assessing the public an unnecessary 15 percent raise in the cost of their product.

In the present article, the author has not bestowed lavish praise on any of the parties concerned in the coal strike, nor has he singled out any one of them as exclusively to blame. The blame, at least for the hardship caused by the undue prolongation of the strike, is in his opinion to be put upon the presence of the Taft-Hartley Act on the statute books of the country.

The "right to strike" may have been abused by the miners in the sense that the country was made to suffer as a result of their use of that right. A cartoon in a prominent newspaper pictures a miner with an axe labeled "right to strike" and a figure marked "the public" with his head on the executioner's block.

That is precisely the danger involved in the use of the right to strike: the public may be the one to pay. But there is another danger too. The cartoon might be changed to picture management holding an axe labeled "power to fix prices", and the same public with its head on the block.

Is it too much to hope and pray that management in the great coal companies will have more civilized maturity than management in the steel companies, and refrain from imposing further hardship on the American public in the way of unnecessary raises in the price of coal?

Never to fall is angelic; to fall sometimes is human; to rise after a fall is Christian; to refuse to rise after a fall is satanic.

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

On Drinking on Dates

Problem: "I go around with a group of young people (we are all in our late teens), and most of them like to take a drink. So far I have held out against this because my mother doesn't want me to drink. But my boy friend, and the other couples we go with, keep urging me to join them. They say that they don't overdo it, and that there is no danger of my over-doing it in their company. They tell me that if I am afraid of it, I am just the one who may become an alcoholic some day. What do you think of drinking on dates? Most of the time they drink beer, but sometimes one of the boys brings a pint of whiskey along when we go out together."

Solution: You could do nothing better than to continue to solve this problem for yourself on the basis of the wishes and commands of your mother. Certainly, apart from everything else, you are right in thinking more of the importance of your mother's wishes than of the arguments offered you by your drinking friends.

Apart from the angle of obedience, there is no doubt that it is exceedingly dangerous for teen-agers to drink on their dates. First of all, because you are at an age when such stimulants to good feeling and a good time are least necessary. If you acquire the habit of drinking now, when you could have such a wonderful time without it, you may find that a little later in life, when problems and responsibilities face you, you may not be able to get along without it. It is not necessary to overdo drinking in your youth to become dependent on it. And the chances of your becoming an alcoholic are far greater if you drink in your teens than if you were to wait until you reached a greater degree of maturity.

It is also dangerous to make drinking a part of your dates because there is a definite connection between the effects of alcohol, even in moderate quantities, and the relaxing of your moral convictions. By usually going out with other couples, you are warding off some of the dangers that attend company-keeping. But you will not always go out with a group. If you drink with the group you will probably drink with your boy-friend when you are on a date alone with him. On every date you need clear vision of good and evil and undeviating control of your will. Drink lessens both. It has been responsible for many a girl's grief in the past. Don't let it hurt you, by not letting it touch you.

Non-Catholics and the Confessional

To non-Catholics, the Catholic confessional often seems to be a strange, mysterious, even dangerous institution. Yet there are few things more simple in origin and more comforting in use than the place where sins are taken away.

D. J. Corrigan

MOST PRIESTS, no doubt, have had the occasional experience of opening the confessional slide only to hear a voice from beyond the grate declare: "Father, I am not a Catholic but I have something on my mind and I have to talk to some one, so I came in here."

Possibly there is nothing in the Catholic Church, or in the universe for that matter, that is so consoling to so many as the sacrament of penance. Conversely, probably there is nothing in this world that has scared so many people out of their wits as the lies that have been told about the confessional. Here, of course, we refer, not to Catholics, but to many people outside the Church.

Converts to Catholicism quite often state that their most formidable psychological obstacle to the way of light has been: confession. The writer has found that there is no part of the house of worship more interesting to non-Catholics at large than the "box" where sins are told and forgiven. "You mean to say that ordinarily the priest does not see the person telling his sins?" queried one. "Ordinarily not," was the reply, "there is no light in the confessional and the priest is never concerned with knowing the identity of the sinner." "Well, what does it feel like to sit there listening to people's sins?" "It's quite a weary job at times," was the answer, "but the priest gets used to it. The

confessor is not interested in people's sins; his only purpose is to help them to get rid of sin and to help them keep away from it in the future." "Does a priest ever feel shocked at what he hears?" "No, because there is nothing new in the line of sin, and he has probably heard the same stories many hundreds of times."

Still more interesting, sometimes, is the manifest reaction on the face of non-Catholics as they view for the first time the interior of a confessional. Most often it is a sincere interest, united at times to a frank amazement; but occasionally it takes the form of a polite but frigid indifference. With these latter one can almost read the thought behind the mask: "Oh, you poor saps, for believing in such a thing," or "I don't care what you say, for I know all about the evils surrounding the confessional."

Many non-Catholics have a morbid fright of the Catholic confessional because of the hundreds of false, ribald and often libelous Protestant pamphlets and stories that have been in circulation for generation upon generation. In these tracts the most rudimentary facts about confession are misrepresented, and the confessional is pictured as a den of iniquity and hypocrisy. Such evil propaganda is like gossip in its lowest form: it is very difficult, nay, most often impossible, to correct all the misinforma-

tion, suspicion and hatred engendered by it in so many hearts. It is comparatively few non-Catholics who come to the Church to investigate for themselves, and most of these readily accept and are grateful for the truth.

But even to the non-Catholic who has not been prejudiced by false and pernicious propaganda, and whose mind is open to the truth, confession must be a mystery. Possibly some may look upon it tolerantly, as they frequently do on prayer: as something good for the soul, but only because a person has a chance to express and relieve himself: a purely natural and subjective effect. Catholics seldom reflect much on the marvelous miracle that takes place with every uplifted, priestly, absolving hand: that God actually forgives an enemy his sin. But the tremendous reality of this is often a jolt to the pagan, and he finds it most difficult to believe. Why, he ponders, should the mere sorrow, the mere telling of one's guilt, and the mere words of a mortal man called a priest remove the horrible stigma of mortal sin? For that matter, he might question baptism: why should the washing with water and the words, "I baptize . . .", remove the blot of original sin and endow the soul with grace? The difference, of course, (though only Catholics seem to know it) is that the Saviour made them more than mere words and symbols, when He set up baptism and penance as two of His seven sacraments.

To Catholics confession is known as the sacrament of mercy. But there is nothing false or sensational about their attitude toward or reception of this sacrament. They know that God does not pardon any sin unless the sinner has sincere sorrow together with a firm purpose of amendment; they believe that the Saviour has required that, under ordinary circumstances, sins be

told in private to a priest; they have no doubt that the priest, through the sacrament of holy orders, has the power to forgive even most serious transgressions.

At no time is a Catholic more serious and devout than when he goes to confession; at no time, we may add, is his soul more light and free than after a good confession. If doubt about confession arises in a Catholic's mind, he has but to reflect that this is the way sins have been forgiven in Christ's infallible Church for more than nineteen hundred years. And in support of this practice he can recall the unequivocal commission given by our Lord Himself to the apostles (and to their successors): "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (Luke 20-23).

It is natural, even for Catholics at times, to experience some fear in going to confession. But I suspect that, for most Catholics, it is not so much a dread of telling their sins as anxiety to have the requisite sorrow and to tell them right: in a word, to make a good confession. Naturally it is a humiliation to expose one's guilt, even in the obscurity of the confessional. The average Catholic, however, accepts this as his due and considers himself very fortunate; for, after all, God does make forgiveness pretty easy to attain, provided he seek it with the right dispositions and in the right way. Moreover, a Catholic is convinced that though there are other means which the Saviour *might* have devised for the forgiveness of sin, this is the means that He *did* provide, and that is all the Catholic needs to know.

As a rule, Catholics take the practice of confession as part of their normal Catholic lives. Very few seem to have a great dread of mentioning their sins

to a priest, probably because they trust him. Some few, from emotional or nervous disorders, may have special difficulty, may even without guilt stay away from confession, but these are usually cases for a priest or a psychiatrist to cure. It is true also that there are some Catholics who just stop going to confession. Most often there is a moral cause at the bottom of it, which makes a worthy reception of the sacrament impossible. These are a sad lot, for in their hearts they are clinging to a fragile hope that they will have a priest and will be able to go to confession before they die.

To Catholics—and it must be so to many sincere non-Catholics as well—the attitude and teaching of Protestant churches on the forgiveness of sin is very puzzling. For one thing there seem to be as many diverse theories on how sins are forgiven as there are differing Protestant sects. Some groups seem entirely to ignore the question, while others apparently place their hope of forgiveness on faith alone, at times mixed with a vague sorrow, or on sheer emotion, bolstered usually by isolated and comforting quotations from Sacred Scripture. To cap it all, sometimes Protestants, who almost universally decry the sacrament of penance, will themselves confess in a manner that no Catholic would be required to do or to think of doing.

On February 10th of this year, the Associated Press carried a description of a marathon prayer meeting, that ran on for 38 consecutive hours, at Wheaton College, a non-sectarian fundamentalist Protestant school in Illinois. The dispatch went on to say that, in the course of the meeting, nearly 1500 students and faculty members stepped up in turn to a microphone and publicly confessed their sins. In fact, according to the article, "almost all the students

stepped up to the pulpit at least once and confessed their sins and testified that the spirit of the Lord had cleansed their souls." In the list of transgressions supplied by a reporter there was not a single sin that Catholics would tabulate as mortal; hence the burden of confessing would not appear to have been too onerous. One of the deans is quoted as remarking of the meeting: "I think that it is indicative of a heart hunger for a deeper life. While the human element is present here, I feel that there must be a supernatural element too."

We might legitimately wonder whether the good professor himself had any idea of what he meant by the word *supernatural*. Possibly he hit more surely on the truth when he mentioned that it was "a heart hunger for a deeper life." But we would rather describe it as, perhaps, *heart hunger* in these students for security, *heart hunger* to allay the pangs of conscience, a longing to know for sure that God had really forgiven their sins. In nothing do Catholics pity Protestants and all non-Catholics more than in their lack of certainty regarding the forgiveness of sin. Gilbert K. Chesterton expressed this very succinctly when he wrote down his reason for becoming a Catholic: "Because I wanted to be sure that my sins were forgiven."

It has been within the writer's experience, a few times, to be with non-Catholics who were on their death-bed. Some of these became Catholic, but for most of them, because of their state of mind, there was no hope of conversion. For these there was little that could be done except to pray and to teach them an act of perfect contrition. The *one* way in which a non-Catholic can obtain forgiveness of sin committed after baptism, if he is in simple good faith, is through an act of perfect con-

trition. Yet I have never met a Protestant who had been taught how to make one. Luther's dogmatic dictum of "justification through faith alone," which all Protestant churches have followed with variations of their own, has effectively barred this means of forgiveness from the Protestant mind.

One of the wonders of psychology is the reality and universality of conscience. That is why we read of even pagans sometimes walking into a police station and giving themselves up for a crime long before committed because "they wanted peace of mind." Most probably, too, that is what leads Protestants, at their prayer meetings, to stand up and confess in a most bizarre fashion the peccadilloes on their souls. The weight of guilt or dread or frustration on the human mind will crush a person, if he does not find an outlet in a competent friend and guide. That is why psychiatrists, if they know of it, are almost unanimous in praising the *natural* benefits of the Catholic confessional, for the balance of mind and peace of soul that it affords members of the Church.

The Catholic is not unmindful of the natural benefits of a good confession. He knows what it is to go into any Catholic confessional and to speak out, with absolute confidence that his sins and problems will go no farther, that they are safe in the sacredness of the seal of confession. He knows, too, what it is to find not only an impartial judge, but also a spiritual friend and physician for the wounds of his soul. He is confident also that usually the confessor is wise, that his education and charity

have been implemented by years of practical experience, and for this reason he trusts the advice he receives and is at peace. He is grateful for these benefits, but these are not the main reasons why he goes to confession.

His main reason is *supernatural*. He knows that this sacrament, like baptism and the others, came from Christ Himself. He is convinced that if he confesses his sins with the proper sorrow to an authorized priest, they will be forgiven by the absolution that the priest gives, because the Saviour promised it would be so. He is conscious too that even if he went into a confessional with his soul spiritually dead through mortal sin, he can come out after a good confession with his spirit restored to grace and merit. He knows that if he should be experiencing particular difficulty with any temptation or habit of sin, he will be helped in his struggle by the special or sacramental graces that flow to him through the sacrament of penance. For every Catholic believes that the purpose of this sacrament is not only to forgive sins of the past but to enable fallen man to avoid sin in the future.

Surprising is the number of present day non-Catholics who are interested in and read the biographies of Catholic saints. But what they often do not note is the fact that these saints, who apparently needed confession least, made use of it most, while sinners who need it most, make use of it least, or not at all. In truth we can say that the saints became saints, because they made the best possible use of the sacrament of penance.

Fools' Money

People in the United States spend 125 million dollars every year on fortune tellers of various kinds.

In Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi more than one million dollars goes each year for the purchase of voodoo trinkets or charms.

Ten million rabbits' feet are sold annually in the United States.

Reader's Retort

In which readers are permitted to answer the views of the editors or contributors of *The Liguorian*.

Portland, Oregon

"In the Liguoriana for February, it was stated that Millenarianists and their opinions on resurrection were condemned as heretical by the Church. There was no mention made of where these opinions originated, though several good texts were quoted as to why they were incorrect. The Church maintains that it can teach only Truth, and that it is kept in the Truth by the guidance of the Holy Spirit. In the Apocalypse of St. John, Chapter 1, verse 3, it says: 'Blessed is he that readeth and heareth the words of this prophecy . . . for the time is at hand.' Then, in chapter 20, verses 4-6 of the Apocalypse, we read: 'And I saw seats, and they sat upon them; and judgment was given unto them; and the souls of them that were beheaded for the testimony of Jesus and for the word of God, and who had not adored the beast nor his image, nor received his character on their foreheads or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. The rest of the dead lived not, till the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection. In these the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ; and shall reign with Him a thousand years.' These verses clearly state the opinions attributed to the Millenarianists . . . Now surely, if the Church has the Truth it can give a better explanation to those opinions than was put forth in the article . . ."

Mrs. R. S.

The question of the "thousand years" mentioned in the Apocalypse is one of the most discussed topics of the Bible.

Certain points, however, are clear: 1) From the book of the Apocalypse it is clear that the thousand year period is one in which some are dead and some are still living on earth. Those who reign with Christ during this period are those who are still living and not in any way tainted by association with the beast or dragon, and those who have already died without this taint. Therefore it is surely to be a time before all men are dead. 2) It is certain that it is a spiritual reign of a thousand years of which the author of the Apocalypse is speaking. It is a reign over hearts and minds and wills, when the power of the dragon will be held in check. The first resurrection is therefore the resurrection of the life of grace which was made possible by Christ's work of redemption. 3) The period of "a thousand years" is therefore the period of time between Christ's coming as a man and the end of the world; or the period of time that elapses between the emergence of Christianity from persecution and the end of the world. 4) It cannot be taken therefore as a period of exactly one thousand years. The "thousand years" is a symbolical expression for "a long time." If the author of the Apocalypse had meant exactly one thousand years, the end of the world would have come long ago. 5) It is the clear teaching of the Church, supported by many other passages in the Bible, that there will be no period of time between the end of the world and the final judgment. The dozens of different interpretations that have been given to the passage under

discussion prove the importance and necessity of the teaching authority that Christ gave to His Church.

The editors

Baltimore, Maryland

"I find your magazine much different from what I expected. To me it seems to speak very uncharitably of other religions. In this day and age we should, if anything, preach tolerance. Any non-Catholic reading this magazine would surely believe that we Catholics are bigoted. If it is true that a few people of other faiths have some wrong opinions of our religion, we certainly should not publish the fact in so condemning a manner. We should show our broadness of mind . . . You will find in every religion in the world people who cannot and will not recognize other faiths. These people will not be cured of this fault by persecution but rather by an education in charity toward all mankind . . .

Mrs. E. P. D.

The whole purpose of the publication of the false impressions non-Catholics have about the Catholic Church and Catholics was to make Catholics more understanding of and sympathetic toward those who fear and hate the Church. The things published against the Church appear on hundreds of thousands of leaflets scattered all over the land. Is it not good to show that Catholics know what is being said about them, so that non-Catholics who read these leaflets may make a little further investigation before accepting their statements as the whole truth? It is hard to see how it is a persecution of non-Catholics merely to report the libelous things that they say against Catholics. It strikes us as more like repeating the words of Christ to the persecutor Saul, who was to become St. Paul: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goad."

The editors

New York, N. Y.

"In your Catholic Anecdotes of the February issue, there is the statement of a Canadian woman that she never once had a baby sitter or maid to look after her five children. You neglect to mention whether anyone else ever looked after them so that she could get out once in a while. You imply hearty approval of this incarceration of a human being within the four walls of a house for years on end without a single night out. Then people wonder why women become irritable and develop tempers and nag or cry . . . Your other pronouncements about women are equally barbarous. The Church Fathers were the authors of some of the worst attacks on women in human history. There was no insult too vile for them to inflict on women. More and more Catholic women, as they read stuff like this, are going right out and joining the Communist Party, in which women are treated like human beings in their own right, and not mere pieces of flesh to turn out children and to live without any human rights . . .

E. G.

The woman about whom the anecdote here reprobated was written did not seem to become irritable, nor to develop a temper, nor to acquire the habit of nagging and crying. She is a very happy grandmother, enjoying the love of the family in whose service she found her happiness through the years. As against this picture, our correspondent presents one of great bitterness, restlessness, unhappiness. Her knowledge of the Church Fathers seems to be limited to renegades like Tertullian, who ended up outside the Catholic Church because (among other reasons) of some of the wild and unorthodox things he had to say about women. Certainly the honor in which the Mother of Christ has been held by the whole Catholic Church, ever since the day the angel said to her: "Hail, full of grace," is a complete

The *Liguorian*

refutation of any charge that the Catholic Church holds womanhood in anything less than its due esteem. Our correspondent's suggested flight into Communism (we suspect that it has long since been made) will give her a chance to really know what slavery means. As to nights out, days off, and relaxations for hard-working wives and mothers, THE LIGUORIAN has repeatedly stated its position in "For Wives and Husbands Only".

The editors

Scranton, Penna.

"Quoting a leaflet 'Roman Catholic Inventions', you repeat the assertion: 'The worship of Mary and the saints began about 600 years after Christ.' One sentence added to your article would have clarified the issue. The sentence might have read: 'Catholics do not pay divine worship to Mary or the saints, but venerate them.' I hope that in some subsequent article you will touch on prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the saints. These are all prayers for their intercession . . . Catholics are forbidden to pay divine honor except to God. Why not stress this now and then? . . ."

E. A. M.

THE LIGUORIAN has often published articles explaining the true basis and meaning of devotion to Mary. Those interested might look up the article published in May, 1949, entitled "Mistakes about Mary". This article will soon be in pamphlet form. It presents the answer to ten mistaken notions of non-Catholics about the Catholic attitude toward the Mother of Christ.

The editors

Denver, Colorado

"Congratulations on your wonderful magazine. But I don't think you should print

so many 'crackpot' letters. In medio stat virtus . . ."

The opposition letters sent to THE LIGUORIAN serve a valuable purpose in our mind. They reveal what people are thinking, and if their thoughts run contrary to elementary Catholic truth, one is inspired to greater zeal to help them by example, by instruction and by prayer.

The editors

Dover, Delaware

"I am a recent convert to the Catholic faith, having received my first Holy Communion less than four weeks ago. Yesterday, quite by accident, I found a copy of your magazine, 'The Liguorian,' in my driveway. It apparently had been lost there. What a lucky find for me! I cannot begin to tell you how much help and enjoyment I found between its covers. Please send it to me for a year . . ."

Mrs. C. J. F.

Baltimore, Maryland

"This is the first time I have ever written a letter of this kind, but there is a first time for everything. I want you to know how much my family and myself enjoy *The Liguorian* . . ."

Mrs. G. B. L.

Baltimore, Maryland

"Never have I more willingly spent two of my hard earned dollars, than for *The Liguorian*. I can't tell you how much I enjoy this excellent publication; it's been years since any periodical awakened me so much, both spiritually and mentally . . . It should be in every Catholic and non-Catholic home . . ."

Mrs. M. C. J.

Notice in church at Newby, Yorks, England:

"The preachers for next Sunday will be found hanging in the porch."

—*English Digest*



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

On Paying Children for Chores

Problem: "We have had quite a discussion with some of our friends about the question of paying our children for chores they do for the family. There are not many chores that the children can be asked to do in our family, and, with all the activities in connection with their schools, their scouts, their sports, etc. there is not much time left for them to do chores. They wash and dry the dishes now and then; they baby-sit for us; they cut lawns in summer. For such jobs we give them anywhere from 25 cents to a dollar. Some parents argue that they should do these things for nothing. Has this question ever been discussed by experts?"

Solution: Experts provide the principles on which a problem like this can be settled. The most appropriate principle is that children should be taught from earliest childhood to take some active part in the work of keeping up a home and running a family. Their contribution may be small, but it should be looked upon as important. In their own home, and under the motivation of family love, they can best learn to share responsibility, to make sacrifices, and to love to do things for others. This training will have a profound influence on their adult lives.

It would seem to be part of this principle that children should be trained to do things in and for the home out of love, and not on the basis of a kind of wage-contract. The best work that is done in the world is done for love. Parents who have made it a practice to pay their children for chores done will not be able easily to change their system. In fact, they will find, when they try to change it, what a mistake they have made. Children who have been brought up to expect a stipend for washing dishes or for baby-sitting will not learn quickly to do it cheerfully for love.

This is not to say that children should never taste the sweets of a material reward for things that they do. But instead of being a specific amount of money expected, and eventually demanded, for a specific task done, it should be unexpected gifts at various intervals, preferably on occasions like birthdays, holidays, etc. Better still is the practice of having family outings or treats in recognition of chores done for the family by the children. Thus the work that is done as a part of the family is rewarded through the whole family's enjoyment. There are too many people in the world who count the value of everything in terms of money. Many of them learned this as children.

The Unfortunate Easter Eggs

A pleasant little reminiscence of "the good old days", with their great joys and small tragedies.

L. G. Miller

IT ALL BEGAN with grandmother's Easter eggs, there is no doubt at all about that. If grandma had not, according to her custom, boiled the eggs so long that they were hard as baked clay, our little cousin Timothy would not have gotten a stomach ache from eating only ten of them in rapid succession. And if Timothy had not gotten sick, the young doctor would not have been called in. And of course had he not been called in, he would not have, for the good of his soul, fallen down the front steps.

But one could go on forever paying homage to the inexorable law of cause and effect. Perhaps it would be better to begin at the beginning.

Every year at Easter time it was the tradition in our family to participate in a family reunion at grandma's. Early in the afternoon the relatives would begin to gather at the frame house just on the edge of town where grandmother lived with her ancient furniture, her old-fashioned garden, and her friendly dog, Spitz.

Grandfather and grandmother had come to this country from Germany when they were in middle age, bringing their family with them, and, settling in a German locality and a German parish, neither had ever bothered about learning English. Now that grandfather was dead and the children married and away from her, grandmother had even less incentive to learn a new language. But although we understood scarcely a word when grandma spoke to us, we did feel and understand her simplicity and warmth of affection,

and no one of us ever felt embarrassed in her company, despite the barrier of speech.

Grandmother made many preparations for the Easter gathering at her home. Among these preparations one that was especially dear to her heart was the boiling and dyeing of eggs. Arriving at her home on Easter, we always found a wash-tub about half full of these eggs, uniformly dyed brown and very, very hard-boiled.

All through the day grandma would urge the children (there were about twenty or thirty of us on hand) to keep eating these eggs. We, indeed, needed no urging, but continued to stuff them into our long-suffering stomachs until forcibly compelled by our mothers to desist. Our mothers indeed had a plan of concerted action by which they hoped to resist the ravages of countless hardboiled eggs upon our innards. This plan was put into effect before we retired on Easter Sunday night, and consisted in the ladling out of generous portions of castor oil all around. Thus did we learn very early in life the salutary lesson that there is no sunshine on earth without a corresponding shadow.

We always considered it great sport to visit grandma's house, and especially on Easter. Her home was a veritable mecca of odds and ends such as seemed especially designed to delight the heart of a child. There we were first introduced to the marvels of a stereoptic set, wherein pictures took on a third dimension. Grandma had a whole set of postcards suitable for viewing through the stereoptic glasses, and such scenes as

they were! Quaint Bavarian towns and Tyrolean mountain scenes and pictures taken in forests and on bridges, and comic pictures of men with handle-bar moustaches and beer-mugs in their hands—one could spend hours travelling on such a magic carpet as was here unfolded for our use.

There was also a little glass bowl inverted over an elaborately carved statue of the Blessed Virgin standing in a small cloud of artificial wreaths and flowers. When one touched a certain mysterious spot on the base of the stand, tinkling music issued from its inner recesses, and if one listened very closely to the tiny chimes as they cascaded over each other, one could recognize the well-loved old German hymn.

*Maria zu lieben
Ist allzeit mein sinn,
Im leben und sterben
Ihr diener ich bin.*

All these and many other delights (including what must have been one of the very early victrolas) occupied our time at grandmother's on Easter day. It was in such a setting as this, on a certain Easter long ago, that young Doctor Ellison found himself the victim of a very curious sequence of events.

Young Timothy, my cousin, was the immediate cause of the unusual happenings. Perhaps it was because his digestive system was not as rough and ready as ours, or perhaps because he outstripped the rest of us in the speed and quantity of his hard-boiled egg intake, but at any rate about four o'clock in the afternoon Timothy began to exhibit symptoms of acute distress in the region of his stomach.

We noticed it at first by the fact that he grew suddenly very quiet (for Timothy, a very unusual symptom in itself). Next he sat down and began to rub his midsection, while his color gradually

took on a tinge of light green. Finally, he lay down upon a couch, wrapped himself up in a fringed coverlet, and proceeded to emit a series of alarming groans.

To the solicitous inquiries of his mother and assorted aunts who crowded around him, he could only gasp "it hurts here"—rubbing his stomach, while tears of pain and self-pity exuded from his eyes.

There wasn't much difficulty, of course, in diagnosing Timothy's ailment. He had simply eaten too much, and his stomach had rebelled. He was therefore promptly dosed with several home remedies, including an ounce of grandmother's celebrated peppermint *schnapps*. This remarkable liquid was powerful enough, one might suppose, to quell by main force any interior disturbance.

But Timothy's case was different. Perhaps it was not only the hard-boiled eggs but the goose, richly fried in its own grease (another tradition at grandmother's Easter party), of which Timothy had generously partaken, which was causing digestive reactions. At any rate, it soon became evident that something more drastic would have to be done. The services of a doctor were obviously needed, and at once grandmother remembered that a young doctor had just recently moved into her own neighborhood. So, *mach schnell*, Wenzel, send one of the boys to bring him.

What we did not know about this young doctor, but which of course providence had taken thoroughly into account, was that he was a very bumptious young man who badly needed a little something to settle his dignity. He had just finished his internship, and was beginning general practice, and perhaps he was not the first young doctor to begin his career with a some-

what exaggerated sense of self-importance. Life usually levels off such exaggerations, and in this case life was about to go to work on young Doctor Ellison.

"Good day, all," said the young doctor as he entered the house, led by our trusty messenger. "Where is the patient?"

Considerably awed by his brisk professional manner, we watched him with apprehension as he approached the couch upon which lay our little sufferer. We children of course were banished from the room, but as many of us as could manage it clustered in the open doorway. As for young Timothy, at the sight of the doctor his stomach pains gave way to a mounting sense of fear, and as the doctor gently probed and prodded him, he held his mouth open, ready to howl on the slightest provocation.

It did not take Dr. Ellison long to make his diagnosis.

"What has this child been eating?" he asked sternly.

"Well," said my aunt Mame, "he had several hard-boiled eggs . . ."

Dr. Ellison snorted in a refined sort of way.

"You must have lost count," he said. "Why, the skin over his stomach is stretched as tight as a drum. The boy's digestive apparatus has been severely overtaxed, and if there should be serious results from it, whose fault would it be?"

He looked around the circle of four or five people standing near the couch and fixed his gaze upon grandmother, who, not understanding a word he spoke, was smiling and nodding at him.

"I hope you will bear in mind your responsibility, madam," he said, and when grandmother continued to nod her head, he turned and rummaged in his small bag, still new and shiny, as be-

fitted a young doctor just starting out in his practice.

"Get a glass of water," commanded the young doctor, as he produced from his bag several pills of different colors and shapes. Someone hurried to do so. "Now, son," he continued, speaking to Timothy, "let's see how quickly you can swallow these pills."

Young Timothy had kept his eye fixed upon the doctor's bag, fearful lest he produce from it a long knife or saw or chisel and proceed directly with a major operation. When he saw that nothing like this seemed about to happen, he swallowed the pills readily enough, and lay back quietly on the couch. If he was not immediately cured, he seemed at least well on the road to restoration.

The young doctor rose to his feet and amid a gratifying silence delivered his verdict.

"The boy will be all right," he said quietly. Then he looked at grandmother, nodding and smiling, and added sternly, for he seemed to have settled upon her as the ultimate cause of the trouble: "No more hard-boiled eggs for the boy today, and only a little toast and tea for his supper."

•

Now had young Doctor Ellison preserved his dignity on this plane, all might have been well. He had won our respect and admiration, he had chastened us by pointing out our lay ignorance of medical common sense. We watched him as we might have watched some superior being as he opened the front door, walked across the porch, and started down the porch steps. With head high, and small black bag tucked nonchalantly under his arm, he put his foot firmly on the top step.

Alas, Doctor Ellison now noticed too late what he had failed utterly to notice on his way into the house. One of the

small boys earlier in the day had been exhibiting some marbles to his cousins, and they remained where he had spread them out and forgotten them—on that same top step.

What happened next happened in an instant, although it takes a little more time to describe. Fascinated, we watched the drama from the house. The doctor's foot skated over the marbles, his legs shot from under him, his hat flew in one direction, his bag in another (scattering small medical items as it flew), and the doctor himself made an abrupt descent down the six wooden steps on his back ending the trip by banging his head heavily on the sidewalk at the bottom. And there he sprawled very quietly completely bereft of his senses.

For a moment there was a stunned silence on the part of all of us who had witnessed this sequence of events. Then several of the men recovered themselves and ran hastily to the victim's assistance. It was the work of a moment to bear him tenderly into the house and lay him upon grandmother's four-poster bed with the patchwork quilt.

At this point grandmother herself took over. From one of the drawers in her large bureau she produced several varieties of home remedy and proceeded to lay them on lavishly in her efforts to resuscitate and repair the unconscious and battered young man.

Grandma first rubbed some arnica on his forehead and held a small phial of spirit of ammonia to his nose. At this he began to gasp and show signs of consciousness. Just at this time grandma discovered a nasty cut on the young man's scalp where his head had come into brutal contact with the sidewalk. Into this cut she poured a liberal amount of iodine thereby causing the young man to shudder strongly throughout his entire frame and struggle feebly to escape her restraining hands. Her

next move was to apply a liberal amount of salve—a very greasy kind of salve—to the edges of the cut on his head which involved massaging it well into his dark curly hair.

But by now the young doctor had completely recovered his senses and he suddenly sat up and gently but firmly pushed grandma away.

"Stop!" the young man said. Lifting his hand to his head, he felt his hair, looking more and more indignant.

"What in heaven's name have you been doing to me?" he demanded of grandmother. "What is all this junk you put on my hair? Just because I have a small cut is no sign you must treat me like a fracture case. With all this grease you have put into the abrasion on my scalp, I will probably develop an infection of some kind."

It was not a very kind thing for him to say in view of grandmother's solicitude and kindness, but as we have said, he was a rather pompous young doctor, and his dignity had been badly shattered. And anyway, grandmother didn't understand what he was saying; she only looked puzzled when the young doctor abruptly took his departure, limping somewhat, and holding one hand to what must have been a very sore back.

In case the reader may be thinking that young Doctor Ellison must have been something of a boor, let me hasten to add that such was not and is not the case. It is true that he acted somewhat churlishly at the time of his accident, but surely that can be explained by the fact that he was young and inexperienced and impulsive.

That he had the right stuff in him is proved by the fact that, on thinking things over, he decided to visit grandmother's house again and offer his apologies. How they communicated across the barrier of language must re-

main a mystery, but the fact is, they became fast friends, and when we buried grandmother some years later, Doctor Ellison took time out from his busy practice to be present at the funeral. He was of course no longer a young doctor, nor was he any longer pompous and vain, despite his increasing reputation.

After the funeral, saying hello to my

father, he made this rather strange remark:

"Your mother was a fine woman, and I owe a great deal to her!"

So maybe it was a good thing that grandmother always boiled the eggs so hard, and that cousin Timothy ate too many of them on that certain Easter Sunday long, long ago.

The Loony Ring

One of the phenomena of our times is the tremendous interest of the sports-minded public in wrestling. Among the more bizarre wrestlers currently doing business are the following. They are listed by Sam Boal in the *New York Times Magazine*.

Gorgeous George, who has platinum hair, wears a scarlet and golden robe, and is accompanied into the ring by an English butler who hygienically sprays the ring with an atomizer before a bout.

The Gorilla, who is wheeled to the ring in an enormous cage, whose bars he rattles with roars of tortured rage.

The Bat, who wears an all-black costume from head to foot, and who flails his arms and assumes an expression as if about to suck the blood from his opponent.

Mute Mike, who purports to be deaf and dumb, and points helplessly to his mouth during a match as if to indicate that he has no way of expressing the terrible agony he is enduring.

Chief Little Wolf, who sometimes enters the ring with a feather headdress, and whose pet hold is the "tomahawk twist."

Dracula, who on occasion makes a great show of chloroforming his opponents from a small bottle concealed in his trunks.

Child's View of Cats

The following little essay on cats is said by the *Progressive Teacher* to have been written by a youngster in the fourth or fifth grade:

"A cat is a nice soft hairy animal with a smooth coat and a rough tongue. She has nine lives, a big mouth with whiskers on both sides of it, and a cry-baby voice. Cats don't like no water, and never take anything but spit-baths. A cat has two kinds of souls on its feet. One set has soft spongy rubber souls that are used for sneaking up on mice and grasshoppers. The other set is used for scratching dogs and people. Cats live on calves liver, canary birds, catnip, imported sardines, and the cream off the top of the milk bottle. All cats can be house broke like a dog or a horse, but nobody can learn a cat to stay off the dining room table and stop eating the butter."



Test of Character (84)

L. M. Merrill

On Defective Mother Love

Sometimes the weaknesses in the character of a woman are brought out only when she becomes a mother and has the task of raising children. Motherhood awakens a strong instinct in the heart of a woman; that instinct inspires her to make sacrifices for her children, to protect them from danger, to provide for their needs. But if the instinct of motherhood is not subjected to reason and virtue, it can hurt a child rather than help it. Some of the forms that imprudent mother love take are the following:

1. *The dictator mother.* This is the mother who forgets that her children have been given a free will, and that it is her task to win the cooperation of that free will, not to try to force it into a mold. She also forgets that God has plans for her children, since He created their souls, and that these plans are not to be changed to suit their mother. A dictator mother tries to possess her children, body and soul. She permits them no friends that she does not approve; no amusements that she cannot share, no plans that she does not make. She attempts to decide their vocation for them: to force them into the priesthood, or into a certain marriage, or, sometimes, into giving up every vocation except that of remaining with her. Maternal tyranny has ruined many lives.

2. *The servant mother.* This is the mother who permits her children to grow up with no ability to take care of themselves because she has served them hand and foot throughout childhood and adolescence. She does not want them to have to work, and so does everything for them. She picks up their clothes after them; she never asks them to do a household chore; she lavishes toys, money, good things upon them, no matter what sacrifice this demands of her. Thus they grow up perfectly useless to themselves and to others.

3. *The lazy mother.* In some women mother love means nothing more than that they expect their children to serve them, though they never do anything to win and hold their children's love. If they have money, they confide their children's care to servants; if they don't have money, they confide the children to the streets. They are so busy pursuing their own pleasures that they have no time to teach their children, to correct them, to train their characters. Then if a child talks back to them they are astounded; if it disgraces them they weep bitterly. They think that when they have brought a child into the world they have done everything that can be expected of them.

Marian Masterpiece

This is written to celebrate the anniversary of "The Glories of Mary," by St. Alphonsus Liguori, a book that did more to destroy heresy concerning God's Mother, and to promote true devotion to her than any other single volume of modern times.

J. M. Redmond

THE YEAR 1950 makes two hundred years since St. Alphonsus Liguori published *The Glories of Mary*. It was his first major dogmatic work as a writer, and at once achieved a popularity which it has never lost.

St. Alphonsus was fifty-four when *The Glories of Mary* appeared. It had been preceded by the first edition of his *Moral Theology* two years earlier, and by a number of smaller ascetical and moral works (including the *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*) a couple of years before that. He had been close to fifty, however, when the first of these appeared; which is all the more striking when one considers the immense scientific and doctrinal output that was to come from his genius in the twenty-five years to follow.

Among all his works, however, *The Glories of Mary* holds a place of its own. Between 1750 and 1933 the total number of editions of this seemingly unpretentious work reached the astounding total of seven hundred and thirty-six! In the original Italian there were 109 editions. Numerous translations had appeared in the languages of Europe: 324 in French; 80 in German; 61 in Dutch; 57 in Spanish; 32 in English; and others in Polish, Czech, Portuguese, Basque, Catalan, and Ukrainian. The Near East had translations in Turkish, Armenian, Arabian; even the Far East in Chinese, Annamese, Malay, and Tamoul (Ceylon). And since 1933 the editions have continued to roll from the press.

Obviously, there must be more to this "seemingly unpretentious work" than meets the eye of the superficial reader. What can be the secret of this constant stream of editions and re-editions of what might seem to be only another pious book on the Blessed Virgin?

One answer to this question could be that the *Glories of Mary* is an outstanding example of the working of the gifts of the Holy Ghost and their outpouring from the soul of a saint: wisdom and understanding; knowledge and counsel; piety and the fear of the Lord and fortitude (yes, by all means fortitude!). This answer could be developed at considerable length with examples from every section of the *Glories of Mary*.

It would not be difficult to find examples of the various gifts in every section of the volume; for fortitude, in particular, from the courageous farsighted standpoint of the gifted author in his approach to the work as a whole.

And the reception which the *Glories of Mary* has had for two centuries is only a testimonial to the force of the supernatural function which accompanies the workings of the gifts of the Holy Ghost and which finds a welcome echo in every Christian heart.

In the present article, however, we shall develop what may be called a more human explanation of the unceasing charm and appeal of the *Glories of Mary*. The genius of St. Alphonsus Liguori, that is, was able to combine in

one volume two usually very different and irreconcilable things: a depth and accuracy of learning, a masterful completeness in covering and presenting Catholic doctrine which is the admiration of the profoundly learned on the one hand; and on the other, a simple unaffected style, that "common touch" which is the sign of all true human greatness, and which goes straight to the heart of the plain and simple folk of every generation.

Indeed, these are the two classes for whom the *Glories of Mary* has an unwearying charm: the profoundly learned and the ordinary plain and simple human being. It is the class in between, the mediocre and superficial, who find it unappealing or unpalatable.

The profoundly learned find it a masterpiece of Catholic dogma. In the course of the Roman investigations which terminated in the conferring of the title of Doctor of the Church on St. Alphonsus in the year 1871, the following statement was entered into the proceedings:

There is no question of any serious moment treated in the theological works on the Blessed Virgin, even those of greater extent, which cannot be found also in this golden volume (the *Glories of Mary*), expounded briefly, it is true, but brilliantly and with the greatest precision and erudition.

And the consideration of the *Glories of Mary* in these same Roman proceedings has among its concluding words the following:

Even though St. Alphonsus had never written a page of moral theology, pastoral theology, or asceticism; even though he had never published a word on Holy Scripture, still on this score alone, namely that he brilliantly expounded and strenuously defended Catholic dogma, he would

deserve the crown and title of Doctor.

The admiration aroused by the *Glories of Mary* among the learned is thus due to their recognition of how completely the gifted author covered the entire field of the theology of Our Lady while only seemingly engaged in a pious commentary on the *Salve Regina*, and a series of "discourses" on the principle feasts of Our Lady" (for such is the simple outline of the work).

But there is another thing also. When an author undertakes to cover a field of this kind, he is confronted with the greatest variety of opinions. On almost every point he discusses he will have to pick his way with the utmost care in order to keep true to the beacon light of the faith; for in the theology of Our Lady, as elsewhere in theology, there is hardly a point on which various authors have not put forth ideas ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the strictly orthodox to the doubtful and across the line of truth to the singular, the groundless, the rash and even the heretical. Learned readers of the *Glories of Mary* know this vast field; and what captivates them about the volume is how the author was able so unerringly to find the right way of saying a thing about Our Lady, when he might have been expected at least occasionally, on so vast an expedition, to have gone astray.

Still another thing. Historians reading the *Glories of Mary* know well at what epoch it was written, and the courage it took to publish a book of this kind in the middle of the eighteenth century. Perusing its calm, simple pages they find themselves amazed to see how on the one hand it takes the most vigorous stand on points that were under fire from various influential quarters at the time, and on the other how completely free it remains from any trace

of bitterness or controversial spite.

For the *Glories of Mary*, as St. Alphonsus wrote it, was not the obvious book to write about our Lady in the year 1750. It was not a "popular book" in the sense of being only a rehash of the current opinions of the day. Rather, it was a courageous act of defiance and challenge to the current opinions of the day.

In the year 1750, the popular thing, or at least the "educated thing", was to look with contempt or regret on devotion to the Mother of God. A movement called "Jansenism" had been gaining ground among the learned for more than a hundred years, and in many quarters had taken over the field completely. This Jansenism was a heretical attack on Christian hope and piety under cover of a pharisaical rigor and formalism. It forbade Holy Communion except to such as "deserved" it; it denied or belittled the intercessory power of our Lady, and sought to restrain or even destroy the approved Christian practices of devotion to her.

Against this heretical trend St. Alphonsus boldly took a stand for the Mother of God. In doing so, he exposed himself to the attacks of the Jansenists, and such attacks did not fail to materialize, nor did he fail to reply to the attacks, and never wavered from the position he had taken. Indeed, the Popes themselves have declared in their official pronouncements on St. Alphonsus that it is to his efforts that the Church of God owes the final overthrow of the heresy of Jansenism.

One more point which every learned reader finds admirable in the *Glories of Mary*. While unerringly true to the revealed Catholic teaching on our Lady, St. Alphonsus was not slavishly engaged in restating the opinions of the past. He did not confine himself to merely presenting the dogmas which the

Church had declared to be matters of faith. Rather, with an unerring sense for the "mind of the Church", he was able to take a positive stand on various matters which were under attack from certain quarters at the time, but which years later would come to be recognized as actually the revealed doctrine on the Mother of God.

Such was his stand on the Immaculate Conception, which was defined as a matter of faith a hundred years after the *Glories of Mary*. Such also was his stand on the Assumption of our Lady, which now, two hundred years after the *Glories of Mary*, is still undefined, but which theologians universally declare to be a matter for such definition, and which, it is predicted, will be defined whenever the next General Council of the Church convenes.

Such in particular was the stand he took on the power of our Lady as Mediatrix of all graces to men. In 1750 this doctrine was under the most intense attack from Jansenists outside the Church and even from the Jansenistically-minded within the Church. And now, two hundred years later, it is another doctrine universally held by theologians and the faithful, awaiting only the seal of Papal definition to become formally a matter of faith.

A Doctor of the Church is not merely one who restates accepted doctrine in however forceful and telling a manner. He is one who *teaches the Catholic Church*; one who is able, in the Providence of God, to formulate, to make explicit and precise, what was present only implicitly in the body of revealed doctrine before his time. He teaches the Church in particular what she was believing from the beginning in general.

In this sense St. Alphonsus Liguori made explicit and precise (among other things) the glorious doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, the Assump-

tion, and the power of Our Lady as Mediatrix of all graces to men.

In regard to the appeal which the *Glories of Mary* has for the plain and ordinary human being, two things call for special attention.

The first is the famous stories or anecdotes with which St. Alphonsus concludes many of the chapters. Many of these stories are so extraordinary as to verge on the incredible. They all deal of course with the power and mercy of Mary in regard to sinners; among others, there is a story of a man who had died or thought he died and was standing before the judgment seat of Christ ready to be condemned, when he was saved by the prayers of the Blessed Virgin because of the devotion he had had to her, and was sent back to life to do penance. Another records how a dead man came back to life long enough to go to confession, this grace having been granted him because of his devotion to Mary.

Modern critical readers find such stories "hard to take", and one or the other edition of the *Glories of Mary* has been published in which other more credible stories are substituted for those of St. Alphonsus.

What are we to think of these anecdotes as presented by St. Alphonsus?

It would be a smug and egregious blunder, in the first place, to think that he wrote them because he did not know any better, or because he lacked critical acumen.

St. Alphonsus knew exactly what he was doing. He was well aware of the fact that many an elegant eyebrow might be raised in reading his simple stories. There were persons in 1750 as well as in 1950 who gloried in their own critical acumen, especially when it came to stories about the power and mercy of the Mother of God. Indeed, the spirit of calculating cynicism in this

field was far more rife in Jansenist 1750 than it is in Secularist 1950. St. Alphonsus put the stories into the *Glories of Mary* deliberately in the face of this sophisticated cynicism; they were literally part of his attack, his defiance, against the smug incredulity of the age.

It is no solution of the difficulty, then, if it is a difficulty, to say that the stories were only what might be expected of a credulous age. That is exactly what they were not. They were a challenge hurled into the teeth of an incredulous age.

Nor can it be thought that St. Alphonsus himself was blindly credulous in selecting the stories. Such an idea cannot be reconciled with the most obvious and striking feature of his character. Before studying for the priesthood he had been a brilliant lawyer. He had received his degree at the age of sixteen, four years before the legal age. Throughout his life he kept the keen, acute judgment that had characterized him as a lawyer. This is one of the distinguishing marks of his *Moral Theology*, where he moves with exact and dispassioned skill among the most thorny problems, poising his judgment delicately, carefully, surely, among a multitude of opinions, giving his own decision with the most detached precision: "certain", "more probable", "probable", "equiprobable".

If any man in the history of critical judgment was qualified to pick and choose with care, it was Alphonsus Liguori.

Even in the *Glories of Mary* this gift of precision in judgment is abundantly evident as he moves among the conflicting opinions about the Mother of God, ever choosing exactly the right one.

Why, then, this naivete in the stories? They were a challenge to his opponents, as has been said; and they were care-

fully chosen to suit the general purpose he had in mind: to save the souls of men in the way God Almighty had laid open; through the merits of Christ and the prayers of Christ's Immaculate Mother. For some poor sinner reading the book, arguments, however profound and convincing, might be useless. One striking story might do what arguing had failed to do: shock him out of his sins and put him back on the way of salvation, the way that opened with humble, penitent devotion to the Mother of God.

The other thing that calls for special attention in the *Glories of Mary* as a book for plain and ordinary human beings is its realistic contact with sinful mankind, together with the solidity of its every pious statement and promise.

A comparison of the *Glories of Mary* with St. Grignon de Montfort's *True Devotion* brings out this point with special clearness.

St. Grignon de Montfort lived during St. Alphonsus' lifetime, and wrote the *True Devotion* not long before St. Alphonsus published his *Glories of Mary*. Both authors were great lovers of Our Lady; the books of both have done great good to spread devotion to her; but each has its very distinctive approach. They differ in the *promises* the respective saintly authors make as rewards for devotion to Mary, and in the way in which the two of them cite their *authorities*.

St. Grignon de Montfort's promises come down to this, that devotion to Mary, especially the "true devotion", will make a person a saint and even a mystic; and St. Alphonsus' promises come down to this, that devotion to Mary will help sinners to save their souls. Take some of the chapter headings of the *Glories of Mary*:

The real tragedy of life is not being limited to one talent; but failure to use the one talent.

Mary saves her clients from hell.
Mary delivers her clients from Purgatory.
Mary brings her clients to heaven.
Mary obtains us pardon for our sins.
Mary obtains us perseverance.
Mary makes death sweet for her clients.

Again, St. Grignon appeals to Sacred Scripture as his great authority, and so does St. Alphonsus; but where St. Grignon applies the sacred texts to devotion to Our Lady by drawing, so to speak, on the light given him personally by the Holy Ghost regarding the various texts, St. Alphonsus hardly ever cites a text without furnishing the additional authority of some Father of the Church, Saint, or theologian for the particular application he is making at the moment.

Both the *Glories of Mary* and the *True Devotion* are books approved by the Church, and nothing can be said on that score against St. Grignon's method. Both are works of profound spirituality. Of the two, however, St. Alphonsus's might seem at first sight to be the more "pious" and naive. The comparison serves to show that the *Glories of Mary* has a distinctive method of its own, and is far from being a mere work of "piety" in the sense of something superficial and merely sentimental.

Much more could be said on the *Glories of Mary*; but this will suffice to salute the two hundredth anniversary of this volume which has charmed the learned and the simple and saved countless souls through two centuries.

(Copies of "The Glories of Mary" may be purchased from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Missouri, at \$2.00 a copy.)

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (32)

E. A. Mangan

Primitive Man

Problem:

According to Catholic doctrine, the first man was created in a state of perfection and endowed with knowledge and later fell to an inferior mode of existence and gradually sank into idolatry and paganism. Modern science, however, insists that man began in a low estate of barbarism and became civilized only after many centuries. What is the truth?

Answer:

1. It is not correct, speaking precisely, to assert that modern science teaches the slow emergence of civilization from the barbarism of the first man. Science, worthy of the name, would not dare assert such a thing because as yet science knows precisely nothing of the first man.

2. Some so called scientists may assert such nonsense if they assume without proof that evolution in all its phases explains man's beginning and his physical, spiritual and cultural development.

3. All men after Adam and Eve descended from Adam and Eve by generation. All sciences point inevitably to this truth and the more science learns about man the more clearly will it illustrate the point. The truth itself of the descent of all mankind from Adam is taught clearly in divine revelation, and true science can never contradict revelation.

4. If science ever probes to the beginning of mankind it will find traces of belief in the one and only, unique, true God, and of a civilization and culture that was far more befitting man's noble heritage than that described by one of our pseudo-scientists, who pictures the first man according to his own wild imaginings in the following quote: "A miserable, half-starved, naked wretch, just emerged from the bestial condition, torn with fierce passions, and fighting his way among his compeers with low-brow cunning, who has not even a glimmer of a right knowledge of God."

5. If true science ever discovers a mankind in such low estate it will be mankind at an age when he had degenerated into such barbarism because of disagreeable climate, the sterility of the earth, and forced separation from the center or centers of a better civilization, plus a terrible moral corruption which had lasted for some time.

6. Primitive man, as science pictures him today according to the scant knowledge it has of him, is not and cannot be primitive in the sense that it is the very first of the human species. We shall wait for further probing, certain while waiting that true science will never contradict the Bible story of the original high estate and a later degeneration of man. We may find a digest of St. Paul's meditation on this point in Chapter 1 of Romans.

How the Faith Came to Germany

The story of the great apostle who felled the thunder-oak, that was the symbol of a pagan Germany, and replaced it with the cross of Christ.

H. J. O'Connell

AS THE PARTY of gray-clad monks broke out into a clear place in the deep German forest, one of them suddenly raised his voice in the excited cry:

"There it is—the Sacred Oak!"

Every eye followed the line of his pointing finger to the spot on the hill-top where a tremendous oak tree towered in majestic grandeur above the countryside. Beneath its broad branches, from time before the memory of man, the pagan German tribes had gathered to worship Thor, the thunder-god, whose mighty chariot, they said, could be heard rumbling across the sky in storms. This place was the principal sanctuary of the tribes, the center of their political and religious life. Here they gathered to celebrate their national councils. Nearby, too, was the hill, crowned with a circle of stones where they honored Woden, chief of all the gods.

However, the monks, following Boniface, their leader, were not coming to worship. In their hands, as they strode resolutely along the forest paths, were neither incense nor offerings, not even their accustomed crucifixes, but sharp-bladed German axes. They were on their way to strike a desperate blow at the very heart of paganism in this wild land by cutting down the Thunder-Oak!

When they reached the foot of the towering tree, a circle of anxious tribesmen formed around them. Word had quickly sped of the monks' intention, and every man who heard dropped his work and hastened to the spot. From some of these tall, bearded men rose

angry murmurs and threats of violence against the sacrilegious despoilers of this holy place. Others were content to wait for Thor to strike the foreigners dead with a thunder-bolt from the sky. The doubtful ones, who had heard the monks' preaching, but were still not convinced, awaited uneasily the outcome of this contest between Thor and the Christian God. A few, already followers of Christ, prayed in their hearts that God's power would manifest itself for the conversion of their people.

As the leader of the monks took up his place at the foot of the tree, and raised his axe for the stroke, a pall of silent expectation fell upon the crowd. Then through the forest rang the clear sound of steel upon wood. A long drawn out groan came from the tribesmen. The first blow had been struck, and still Thor gave no sign of his wrath! Swiftly the monks fell to. Blow upon blow fell on the quivering trunk. Soon the ground was littered with chips, as the gleaming axes tore at the heart of the ancient oak. Then suddenly, when it was cut half-way through, there was heard a mighty wind rushing through the forest. Looking up, men saw the top of the tree lean, as though pushed by a giant hand. A tremor ran along the trunk. All at once there was a splintering noise, and the tremendous tree came crashing to the ground, its fall awakening thunderous echoes from the hills. The Germans looked with amazement at the prostrate giant, and then silently shaking their heads, went back to their homes. That day, in the ringing crash

of the Thunder-Oak, paganism in Germany had heard its death-knell.

Long years before this event, Boniface, leader of the monks, and the man who was destined to become the apostle of Germany, had heard the call to the missionary life. His name was Winfrid then, and he was living in an English monastery. The flood-tide of the Church's great missionary effort among the barbarian nations had passed over England a century before, leaving behind a thoroughly Christian land. Now it was England's turn to pass on the faith to its Teutonic brethren.

From childhood, Winfrid had spent his life in the cloister, being tempered by prayer, study, and penance for the great work he was to do. At length, the call to cross the sea and work for souls came too clearly to be disobeyed. In the year 716, with the blessing of his superiors, he sailed for Friesland, the territory that is now Holland and northwestern Germany. However, this first venture proved short-lived. Due to the disturbed condition of the times, he was forced to return to England within a year.

Nevertheless, in 718, he bade a final farewell to his native land, and set off again for the continent of Europe. This time he resolved to beg the blessing of the Apostolic See upon his work, and hence directed his steps first to Rome. At the feet of Gregory II, the reigning Pontiff, he poured forth his yearning to win souls in heathen lands for Christ, though to attain this end he needs must shed his blood. Kindly, the Holy Father received the English monk, assured himself of his fitness, gave him wise instructions, and in the spring of 719 sent him forth: "In the Name of the Indivisible Trinity, and by the authority of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, to kindle among the nations

bound in the errors of paganism that saving fire which Our Lord came to cast on earth, so that they might be led into the kingdom of God by the preaching of the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Crossing the passes of the Alps, Boniface entered the field of his life-long labors. Germany was then for the most part still a pagan land, dedicated to the worship of the old Teutonic gods. Christianity had, indeed, been preached in some sections; but it had not yet taken deep root. There was no ecclesiastical organization. Many of the converts, and even some of the wandering priests, mingled pagan rites with Christian worship.

Through Bavaria, Allemania, Thuringia, Austrasia, and Hesse, even to northern Germany, Boniface traveled, preaching to the pagans, rallying the Christians, and striving by example and exhortation to bring about unity of discipline, and purity of faith and worship. This first journey was rather a tour of inspection, than an organized missionary enterprise. He was still a simple priest, and, although approved by Rome, he had no authority to correct abuses, or to change wrong and superstititious practices. He discovered that there were many knotty problems in this new work to which he had set his hand, problems that could be settled only if there was a unified authority in the land. Hence, he resolved to return to Rome and consult again with the Pope.

When the Holy Father heard of the disorganized situation north of the Alps, he decided to make Boniface a bishop, and gave him authority to put the affairs of the Church in order in the whole of southern Germany. It was at the time of his consecration that he officially received the name "Boniface," which is very likely an attempt to latinize his English name "Winfrid."

Once more he entered Germany, and,

backed by the authority of the Pope and of the Frankish Emperor, Charles Martel, began to organize the hitherto sporadic missionary effort. The burning zeal in his heart drove him to incredible labors. From end to end of this vast region he traveled, sharing the poverty of his people, preaching as well by humility, gentleness, and the purity of his life, as by the words of burning eloquence that poured from his lips. The pagans came by hundreds and thousands to listen to him, and great numbers were converted. It was at this time that, with his monks, he cut down the Sacred Oak, and made of its boards a Christian chapel. He likewise destroyed the near-by shrine of Woden, built a church, and called the place Christenberg. Everywhere churches and monasteries sprang up as he passed. These he left under the direction of priests and monks whom he rallied about him from as far as England and Ireland.

In 732, he was made Archbishop by Gregory III, and after this event, the work progressed even more rapidly. Wider and wider spread his influence; ever more numerous became the churches, so that by 738 it was necessary to consecrate four bishops for Bavaria alone. New dioceses were added, until a flourishing ecclesiastical organization was established over the greater part of Germany. Couples abbeys, too, and convents of nuns spread the benefits of religion and civilization through the length and breadth of the land. Synods of bishops were held, in which discipline was unified and maintained. Even beyond the borders of Germany, into France, his influence made itself felt for the restoration and purification of Catholic faith and practice. In fact, Boniface can be said to have been, not only the Apostle of Germany, but the founder of the great Church of the

Middle Ages in Northern Europe.

The last years of his long life were spent, as Archbishop of Mainz and Primate of Germany, in consolidating the achievements of his early years. So well did he build, and so wisely did he regulate the discipline of the German Church that, in spite of the wars and political disturbances of the times that followed, his work endured solid and unshaken through the centuries.

As the crowning glory of his zeal, God granted him the grace of martyrdom. It was in Friesland that he had begun his labors, and in Friesland he brought them to a close. Having set all his affairs in order, and provided for his successor, he resolved on one more attempt to convert the Frisians in their northern fastnesses. Already past seventy years of age, he knew in his heart that this missionary journey would be his last. Hence, he said to Lullus, one of his spiritual sons: "I wish to accomplish this long desired journey, and I cannot draw back from it. For the hour of my departure draws nigh, and my will is to go wherever God's grace leads me, that when I am released from the prison of my body, I may attain to the prize of the eternal reward . . . And wherever I may die, carry my aged body back to the church at Fulda, and bury it there. Now, my son, provide carefully all that we shall need for this journey; and the winding-sheet in which my decrepit body is to be wrapped, place in the box with my books."

Embarking on the Rhine, he sailed into the Zuider Zee, and landed on its eastern bank. At once he began to preach, and so eloquent were his words, so venerable and majestic his appearance, that thousands flocked to hear him. From place to place he passed, and countless souls were turned to Christ at his coming. So he labored on, until, in June, 754, he arrived at a town

called Dokkum, on the river Borne. Here he had arranged to administer confirmation on the following day. However, some of the pagan Frisians had learned of the meeting-place, and, enraged by his success among their countrymen, resolved to kill him.

In the morning, Boniface went out to preach to the people of the locality, while he waited for the candidates for confirmation to arrive. Suddenly, the sound of an approaching crowd could be heard. It seemed very likely that this was some of the Christian converts, so he did not pause in his discourse. But all at once the shouting, pagan mob broke in upon the gathering. One by one, the Christians were cut down,

until the white-haired Archbishop alone remained. Standing in prayer, he awaited the fatal stroke. As he fell, he raised the book he was holding in his hand, and it was cut almost in two by the blow of the sword that struck him down.

When, later on, the Christians of the district had rallied and driven off the assassins, they found the body of the apostle, bathed in his blood, but with a smile of utmost peace upon his face. Beside him, strangely appropriate, was the half-severed copy of the book of St. Ambrose, "On the Advantage of Death". Truly, death could bring nothing but advantage to one who had brought the life of grace to uncounted thousands of souls.

Martyred Nation

It is a matter of common knowledge that in the countries of eastern Europe absorbed by Russia the Catholic church (and such other Christian churches as can be found there) are being systematically persecuted with a ferocity even exceeding that of the Nazis in their day of power.

This fact was highlighted recently in Congress by the Honorable Neil J. Linehan, of Illinois. Mr. Linehan has done some research in regard to the fate of Lithuania, predominantly a Catholic country. In 1941 there were approximately 3,000,000 people there. Now read what has happened in the interval, as taken from the *Congressional Record* for Oct. 10th, 1949:

"The deportations and the Soviet-Nazi occupations of Lithuania cost the country about 1,000,000 people. The Nazis wrested about 300,000 people from Lithuania, and the Soviets well over 600,000. Latest reports from the fighters for Lithuania's freedom give this blood-curdling picture: Unceasing arrests and deportations from prisons have affected some 150,000 people. Seven mass deportations since 1941 have torn away from Lithuania 420,000 persons, 120,000 in 1949 alone. Add to these figures approximately 30,000 to 40,000 Lithuanians slain in prisons and on the battlefields of liberty and we have the complete quota of 700,000 which was set by order of Commissar Serov in 1941.

This is probably the most fully completed and least publicized Bolshevik five year plan, the plan of genocide, the plan for the annihilation of the Lithuanian nation."

Background of an Anti-Catholic

The setting for this article: In 1947, Paul Blanshard published a series of articles in *The Nation* whose thesis was that the Catholic Church is an enemy of American democracy. These articles have since been published in book form under the title *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, which has become something of a best-seller. Dozens of reviews, pro and con, have been written, but none has so revealed Blanshard's background and real aims as the article here published. It should be studied in schools, read carefully by Catholics, and shown to any non-Catholic who has been impressed by Blanshard's arguments against the Church.

J. E. Doherty

TO A country priest, the answers that have been made to Paul Blanshard's attacks on the Church, though excellent in themselves, seem misguided. As Claire Booth Luce remarked recently in an article in *Plain Talk*, "Any purely negative attack on a prevailing religion or culture always weakens it." A defense of the Church against the charges Blanshard makes only dignifies them and serves his ends by propagating them.

Someone may ask how a mere country priest comes to have such an opinion. In a sense I am the pastor of Paul Blanshard. It seems to me that the learned authors who have undertaken in good faith and urbane language to reply to Blanshard suffer a great disadvantage in knowing little about him. They seem to shy at saying boldly what should be said lest they be accused of trying to use the red smear. Actually, Blanshard has never concealed his opinions. To know them is to understand his motives in attacking the Church. To list them is in itself a sufficient rebuttal.

Since Mr. Blanshard is called a Vermonter, it is pleasant to recall a quotation from Orestes Brownson, another Vermonter:

Here is our hope for our republic. We look for our safety to the spread of Cath-

olicity. We render solid and imperishable our free institutions just in proportion as we extend the kingdom of God among our people and establish in their hearts the reign of justice and charity. And here, then, is our answer to all those who tell us Catholicity is incompatible with free institutions. We tell them that they cannot maintain free institutions without it. It is not a free government that makes a free people, but a free people that makes a free government; and we know no freedom but that wherewith the Son makes us free. You must be free within before you can be free without. They who war against the Church because they fancy it hostile to their civil freedom are as mad as those wicked Jews who nailed their Redeemer to the Cross. But even now, as then, God be thanked, from the cross ascends the prayer, not in vain, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Who was Orestes Brownson? He was born more than 100 years ago in Stockbridge, Vermont. He was first a Presbyterian minister, then Universalist, Unitarian, Agnostic, Free Thinker, Radical, Socialist, and finally a Catholic. He rested in the Church the last thirty years of his life. It was of him that Sidney Raemer wrote the book, *America's Foremost Philosopher*; of him Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., wrote his

prize thesis at Harvard. In his text Mr. Schlesinger says that Brownson was a greater pamphleteer than Karl Marx; that he anticipated all the social problems of the present day in his writings then. *Life* magazine, in an editorial a few years ago, called Brownson the clearest and most logical thinker this country has ever produced. Everyone agrees that he was thoroughly honest in his search for truth and in his uncompromising way of expressing it.

In utter contrast to Orestes Brownson, we have Paul Blanshard—in a sense one of our parishioners. Though such presumption will gall him, he lives in our parish in Thetford Center, Vermont, and is the object of pastoral care. I met Mr. Blanshard while he was writing his articles for the *Nation*, in the course of a pastoral visit. At that time Mr. Blanshard showed me an article he was preparing on the Catholic Church and medicine. Reading it I remarked, "The argument running through this is simply that the end justifies the means. Now anyone must know that if we should hold as a principle that a good end may justify evil means we do away with the foundation of all morals." Mr. Blanshard replied that he did not hold that the end justifies the means in all cases.

After further information which I sought about Mr. Blanshard, I am convinced that he holds that the successful triumph of the collective state, the dictatorship of the proletariat, is an end which would justify any means if those means are efficacious. I say this without any doubt. You can accept it if you wish.

I have reviewed the history of Mr. Blanshard's thought. He was born in 1892 in Fredericksburg, Ohio. He was graduated in 1914 from the University of Michigan, spent two years in post-graduate studies at Harvard, and one

year at Columbia. In 1918 he was married for the first time. He was known as a socialist and pacifist at the time the socialists had voted against participation in the first world war. For them the victory of any capitalistic state was the supreme evil. From 1919 to 1923 Mr. Blanshard was educational director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. He was jailed as a labor agitator. In 1923 to 1929 he was secretary to the League for Industrial Democracy. During these years he traveled extensively for the *Nation* magazine. He visited Italy and wrote bitterly of Mussolini and the Italian labor unions. He returned to this country and wrote of liberalism in the colleges. He described the change of religious interest of students, especially at Dartmouth, from dogmatic ideas of religion to questions of social interest.

He went to China, approached sympathetically the Soviet inspired Chinese revolution. He satirized among types confused by the revolution the Protestant refugee missionary who states that he "never mixes politics and religion." At the time when the Soviet revolution in Russia had been successful and the censure of the world was being hurled at Russia because of her liberal and loose sex ethics, Blanshard visited Russia. He wrote a sympathetic article on the sex ethics and marriage customs of Russia. He saw a robust attitude among the people; no degeneracy; no breakdown of family life. This is, to say the least, peculiar since more recently Russia has tightened up her marriage laws because of the breakdown of family life. Blanshard returned to this country and wrote of the labor troubles in southern cotton mills and in New Bedford.

In 1929 he was made associate editor of the *Nation*. During this year he organized a symposium on socialism

with contributions from leading socialists. Blanshard himself wrote on the class struggle in the United States. He rejected any system of amelioration short of the triumph of the proletariat in the class struggle. He said that this must come about, but that in this country a class struggle was very involved and the workers did not seem to realize that they were in one. From 1929 to 1933 Blanshard was head of the City Affairs Commission in New York City during the regime of Jimmy Walker. In joint authorship with Norman Thomas he wrote a book called, *What's Wrong With New York?* He attacked Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt as a tool of Tammany. He advised socialistic remedies, such as public ownership of land. Blanshard declared that capitalism was corrupt at the roots. For the Annals of the American Academy he wrote articles on socialistic planning. He said the recent depression proved that capitalism as a system was defunct. He suggested that we should begin from the foundations and plan for the socialistic state. He advised an industrial parliament and doing away with the Supreme Court. Blanshard wrote an article for the *Christian Century* on socialism as a moral solution. He said that socialism had nothing to do with religion, but in itself it provided the adequate moral and religious aim. He said that the only religion which would survive the revolution to come would be that which could rise to the level of socialism and modern science. He declared that he supposed this could not be brought about without some bloodshed, but he hoped it would be done by peaceful and democratic means.

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From 1934 to 1938 Blanshard was in the Fusion Cabinet of Mayor LaGuardia in New York City as head of the Department of Investigation and Accounts.

He resigned temporarily from the Socialist Party to hold this office. *The World Tomorrow*, a socialist periodical, called him an intellectual pragmatist. Blanshard wrote an article for the *New Republic* defending Norman Thomas as a true revolutionary, in spite of the fact that Thomas had been a Protestant preacher. He declared that his hopes to bring about the triumph of the proletariat by passive and democratic means only were not as strong as Thomas's. In 1933 Blanshard wrote for the *Saturday Review of Literature* an article on President Roosevelt. He disagreed with the President's foreign policy, but hailed him as a great leader in the domestic field. He said that history would hail as Roosevelt's greatest contribution the setting up of the framework for the collective state. He said that it did not matter if this was imposed from above because the workers were not yet ready to set it up from beneath.

In 1935 he wrote for the *Forum* magazine an article entitled *Resolved That the Constitution of the United States Be Abolished*. In this he said the Constitution Assembly should be called to make a new Constitution giving more centralized power to the government and doing away with the Supreme Court. He said, in answer to his opponents, that this would not necessarily lead to Facism. In 1938 Blanshard received his Bachelorate of Laws from City College of New York and was admitted to the New York Bar. In 1941 he gave a Vital Speech to the effect that greater power should be given to the Federal government. In 1941, coincidentally, he was made Secretary Chief in Charge of Shipping. From 1942 to 1948 he was in the foreign service as consultant to the Caribbean Commission. As a tangible result of these years spent in the Caribbean, Blanshard wrote the book entitled, *Democracy and*

Empire in the Caribbean.

Did Blanshard in his writing or during these years show a bias against the Catholic Church? The answer is, "No"; not when he treated of Mussolini, because he said then that Catholics with socialists were Il Duce's greatest opponents; not when he treated of Tammany, a political machine in a strongly Catholic city, because he said there were other Protestant machines which were just as corrupt—as in Philadelphia; not when he treated of the social conditions of the islands in the Caribbean, for he said that the social problem was so great as to confound all efforts. He did find greater progress socially on the islands predominantly Catholic than on many of the others which were not. He gave credit to the Church for her social work.

Whither must we look, therefore, for the cause of the sudden display of bigotry in his recent work, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*? We must look, I believe, to Blanshard's socialistic aims as a reason for this bias. Seeing the growing power of the Church, especially in labor unions, he has come to visualize her as the greatest obstacle to the triumph of the collective state. I am happy to hear that Taylor Caldwell, the novelist, has reached this conclusion as the reason for the movement of bigotry now being aroused through the country, and will write a book on it.

Two of the most revealing quotations from Mr. Blanshard are the following. The first, taken from his address, *Facing the Class Struggle*, answers the question as to how the dictatorship of the proletariat shall be brought about:

What method should the class struggle follow in overthrowing capitalism? As socialists should we advocate a frontal attack on capitalism with any weapons at our command and end up with the dicta-

torship of the proletariat, or should we content ourselves with the weapons of democratic change such as labor unionism, parliamentary majorities and the state purchase of industry? . . .

If I were a general in a war, I would use any weapons available to kill and mangle my enemies provided the use of those weapons did not act as a boomerang against me. But if I discovered that by using one ton of poison gas against my enemies I would bring down upon my own troops ten tons of poison gas from the enemy, then I would consider it foolhardy to use poison gas. The man who urges the American working class to stand for the dictatorship of the proletariat at the present moment is giving the most bitter reactionaries of the upper class pretext for violence, suppression and dictatorship. At the game of dictatorship and suppression the American upper class has the workers beaten to a frazzle before they start to fight. At the game of education and propaganda for democratic change, the working class has at least a fighting chance. . . .

But there is no use being bitter about this question of method. The communists can say to the socialists in America: "You have tried your method of class struggle and it has failed." And the socialists can say to the communists with what I think is even more justice: "You have tried your method and it has failed." What we need to do is to stop shouting at each other long enough to shout at the capitalists: "America has tried your method and it has failed."

The second is:

What I object to is the constant dragging in of the 'Ethics of Jesus.' Is it necessary for a professor in a theological seminary to pretend that a sound economic morality must come from Jesus? Anyone who reads the Gospels with an impartial eye will discern that the teaching of Jesus

concerning economic values was confused, fragmentary and quite inapplicable to our world of ticker tape, billionaires, and Communists.

This was made as a comment on a book by the Rev. Harry Ward, *Morality and the Ethics of Jesus*.

From all this background Paul Blanshard looms in my mind as a socialist who travels light. By this I mean one who presses on through a class struggle to his goal of the collective state, unencumbered by moral and religious considerations which are either revealed, definite, or decided. In the beginning of our country one of the most enlightened observers who wrote on the development of our democracy was DeTocqueville, frequently quoted for his analysis of various phases in our development as a country and his prophecy of the future. He answers the question as to the place of religion in the future of our nation: "Can liberty rule without faith?" DeTocqueville says tersely, "Despotism may rule without faith, liberty cannot." The question posed by Blanshard's book is not, therefore, simply: "Is the Catholic Church a threat to our civil freedom?" but "Is not the Catholic Church the greatest obstacle to the triumph of those forces which, in the name of the liberation of the proletariat, will lead us into the despotism of the servile state?"

If a socialist magazine could call Paul Blanshard an intellectual pragmatist, with how much more reason should we call him one. In the light of these facts, I maintain not merely that the principles of Paul Blanshard would lead to a servile state in this country—and this I do not have to prove—but that of their nature they must clash violently with the principles of Christianity, and therefore with the Catholic Church as its most uncompromising teacher.

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The first chapter of the book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, is called, "How the Hierarchy Works." This might tempt someone to defend the bishops against the charge of using autocratic political power over the laity. It would be folly to do so in view of Blanshard's announced aims. He believes there must be a class warfare. Since in this country the classes are involved, he says, and the working classes do not realize that they are in a war, he intends by education and propaganda to arouse them to this knowledge. In Blanshard's thinking the hierarchy can easily be identified with the capitalistic class and the laity with the proletariat. To Catholics the idea of a class warfare between themselves and their bishops might be hilarious, but to refute it would only make it plausible to non-Catholics.

Again in the chapter called, "Church, State, and Democracy," the charge that the Church is against democracy will seem ridiculous to American Catholics, though not so to non-Catholics. It should be enough to state, however, that Blanshard's idea of democracy is not the traditional American concept at all, but more like Lenin's democracy. From this book alone and from this chapter it can be clearly seen that what Blanshard holds is the divine right of the majority. To be consistent with his charges against the Church he must hold that the majority of the people have the power to make all laws whatsoever that are binding on anyone and everyone.

Why defend the American parochial school system or our educational philosophy? They are in complete harmony with the traditions of this republic. Blanshard's philosophy is not. What Blanshard is really working for can be easily seen in the chapters, "Education and the Catholic Mind"; "Public Schools and Public Money." It is for

the elimination of private schools, the secularization of all schools, and the control of all schools by the state. This he does not intend at some future time when the collective state is already established, but *now*, as a means of propaganda for bringing it about. At the game of education and propaganda, he says, the proletariat has at least a fighting chance. Would not such an unchallenged system of education be an ideal means to educate the masses towards socialism and, once attained, to keep the socialists in power?

In the chapter, "The Church and Medicine," it becomes most apparent that what Blanshard is attacking is not the Catholic Church, alone, but our western culture and civilization. He attacks the natural law. The broad thesis of natural law is that man as a creature "owes primary duties to his Creator which his reason can ascertain and, as a corollary, he has certain inalienable rights beyond human power to impair or destroy." Judge Jerome Frank, of the United States Court of Appeals, commented in 1949, "I cannot understand how any decent man can today refuse to adopt, as the basis of modern civilization, the fundamental principles of natural law, relative to human conduct, as stated by Thomas Aquinas." Thomas Aquinas in 1275 wrote that "the participation of the eternal law in rational creatures is called the Natural Law. Every human law has just so much of the nature of law as is derived from the law of nature. But if at any point it deflects from the law of nature it is no longer a law, but a perversion of law." On this basis, practices like mercy-killing, craniotomy, sterilization of the unfit, etc., have been outlawed in our civilization. This was not the case in Nazi Germany, nor is it the case in Soviet Russia. To make such practices legal in our civilization is what Blanshard is really advocating. Should we give the impression that defence of the natural law is a duty exclusively Catholic?

The Church can easily defend its sex code as coming from Jesus Christ against Blanshard's denials made in the chapter, "Sex, Birth Control, Eugenics." Why bother? Blanshard does not accept the authority of Jesus Christ. "Anyone," he says, "who reads the Gospels with an impartial eye will discover that Jesus' teaching concerning economic values was confused, fragmentary and quite inapplicable to a world of ticker tape, billionaires, and Communists." If in economics, surely a great moral problem, why not in sex?

In "Marriage, Divorce, Annulment," Blanshard challenges the Church to prove that in fact it treats the marriage contract as sacred and that its acts do not belie its words. Anyone who really knows Blanshard should not take this chapter seriously. Does he accept the marriage contract as sacred? Actually he is working for the complete secularization of marriage and its control by the state alone. Have we forgotten his admiration for marriage regulation in Soviet Russia? Or his assertion that our ascendancy in plumbing does not give a presumption in favor of our western institution of monogamy over the eastern institution of polygamy?

The chapter, "Science, Scholarship and Superstition," was the article which, when originally printed in the *Nation*, caused it to be banned in many school libraries thus giving rise to the consequent furore over it. To answer this chapter it should be enough to quote Blanshard himself: "The only religion which will survive the socialist revolution in this country is that which can reach the level of socialism and modern science." Unquestionably, Blanshard would take as the level of modern

science the beliefs of the majority of social scientists. In a recent poll of sociologists taken by *America*, of 954 who answered, only 29% said that they believed in God as a personal being. The majority considered Him to be an impersonal force; 18% were atheist; the rest agnostic. The vast majority went on record as believing that sterilization and divorce are socially beneficial. From this it may be gathered what kind of religion will survive Blanshard's revolution.

When we read Blanshard's charges of "Censorship and Boycott" against the Church, we should remember that in accordance with his plans to use education and propaganda as a means of bringing about the dictatorship of the proletariat, he must be anxious for a free flow of ideas. How long our own freedom to express ourselves would last in Blanshard's collective state can be guessed from the practices of Marxist states already set up and from the inconsistency of socialists in protesting loudly against the infringement of the liberty of everyone but Catholics.

Whereas before he has merely accused the Church of being anti-democratic, in a chapter called, "Facism, Communism, Labor," he says that it is Fascist. The peculiarity of Blanshard's reasoning in this chapter becomes clear when we realize that for him there is no alternative to Marxian Socialism, whether it should break down into Communism or Fascism or arrive, as he hopes, at his Utopian brand of collectivism. He cannot take seriously the Church's solution of a democracy with a free enterprise system of capitalism purged of its abuses. He thinks that capitalism is defunct and corrupt to its roots; that social amelioration is only temporizing; that class warfare is inevitable and the dictatorship of the proletariat the ultimate end. Are Catholics the only ones

interested in defending our system of free enterprise?

Taken alone, the chapter, "The Catholic Plan for America," would be highly amusing. Can anyone believe that Blanshard is serious in saying there is a danger of Catholics taking over the country? In this period of secularization, with the family breaking down, the Church's strict teaching on marriage, divorce, birth control, etc., proving too much for many Catholics and a barrier to the entrance into the Church of some non-Catholics, only a miracle of grace could change the minority of practicing Catholics into a majority in this country. The background of Blanshard's own thought, however, does make this chapter important reading. Anne O'Hare McCormack, while covering the United Nations Assembly, said that the Russians always accuse the Western Powers of doing exactly what they themselves intend to do. Blanshard's writings reveal that he hopes to bring about the triumph of the collective state. He also tells how he thinks it can be done. In the charges that he makes against the Church in this chapter, anyone who is interested can find a blueprint for the Socialist Plan for America.

Finally, he concludes with an appeal for a campaign of active resistance against the Church. This is in a chapter called, "Tolerance, Appeasement and Freedom." Whatever we may say about freedom and tolerance, and we are under constraint never to contradict the Church's teaching on the spiritually free nature of man as a child of God, this chapter is a masterpiece of double-talk. After arraigning Catholics for exerting pressure on public opinion, he proceeds to organize an active resistance movement on the lines of a program which on almost every count would deny the freedom of conscience to Cath-

olics. Examples are the opposition to the licensing of Catholic hospitals where "therapeutic abortion" is not permitted; a demand for the continuous inspection of parochial schools; the registration of all Roman Catholic higher officials operating in the United States under the provisions of the Foreign Agents Registration Law, etc. Is such a campaign to be met by reasoned arguments?

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Monsignor Ronald Knox, chaplain to the Catholic students at Oxford University, is reported to have said recently, "Within the next half century Catholics will be persecuted in the name of proletarianism as in past centuries they have been persecuted in the name of Protestantism." It would not be correct to call Paul Blanshard a Communist, but it is fair to state that his attack on the Catholic Church is in the name of Karl Marx rather than in the name of Thomas Jefferson.

There is no need to emphasize that the moral aims of socialism are at peace with Catholic doctrine. In this connection it is interesting to recall Heywood Broun. Broun was a socialist. He was also the featured writer of the *Nation* during many of the years that Blanshard held forth in its pages. Of course they wrote on kindred topics. As Broun grew older he thought of God and of his soul. In the biography of Heyward Broun by Dale Kramer we read: "In St. Louis he pursued his investigations of Catholicism with Father Edward Dowling, who had been a baseball player and newspaperman before studying for the Catholic priesthood, and now, as editor of a local Catholic paper, was an enthusiastic guildsman.

"The burning question in Broun's mind was, 'Is there anything in Catholicism which stands in the way of a person who believes in political and economic liberalism?' Father Dowling said there

was not. 'Don't you realize you're a little naive, Heywood?' he asked. 'You like to call yourself a radical, but the doctrines of the Church are far more radical.' "

Broun became a Catholic. When he died, a warm, tender sermon in the style of a parish priest was preached over him by Monsignor Sheen, much to the expressed discomfiture of the *Nation* staff.

Socialism, however, is the political philosophy of the Communists in Russia, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Poland, etc. How many socialists realize that Mussolini's Fascist revolution began as Marxian socialism or that the official name for the Nazi Party under Hitler was National Socialism? In Mexico and other Latin American countries we have gone through an era of anti-clericalism spurred on by Marxian socialism.

The benign brand of socialism in power now in England traces its beliefs to the Gospel of Jesus Christ rather than to Karl Marx. But on October 31, the *London Times*, which thundered out against papal aggression a hundred years ago when the hierarchy was restored in England, made this remarkable statement: "The struggle against Marxian paganism, in which the Roman Church has given so unequivocal a lead, is creating a common Christian sympathy . . . No unprejudiced observer can any longer believe that the issue being fought out there (in Eastern Europe) is one between reactionary clericalism and the forces of progress; fundamentally it is a conflict between those who affirm and those who deny the reality of spiritual values."

On this side of the iron curtain Communists have been discredited. But there is another group of Marxian socialists astute enough to reject the tactics of the Soviets so as not to be brac-

keted with them. These are the groups that are tottering the DeGasperi government in Italy, the Bidault government in France, and that of Adenauer in Western Germany, because these regimes are Catholic in leadership.

In this country Marxian socialists are represented by men like Blanshard. They are shrewd enough to win over to their war against the Church, the secularist groups and the Masons, who certainly need no prompting. The great tragedy is, however, that they have been able to have themselves accepted as liberal Protestants.

Incidentally, the sale of Blanshard's book is partially explained by the author's energy. He frequently addresses ministerial groups. It is assumed by them that he himself is a practicing Protestant minister. He enlists them in the campaign and suggests that each one prevail upon forty persons to buy his book. I am happy to say that on at least one occasion he was challenged

by a courageous minister who said that Protestantism had more to fear from the forces of secularism with which Blanshard had allied himself than from Catholicism.

Why should Catholics defend themselves against the charges made by men like Blanshard? It is not rhetoric to insist that those who accuse Catholics of lack of patriotism first show themselves as willing to shed their blood for our country as Catholics have been. It would be absurd for us to deny that we intend the overthrow of our form of government in order to answer a man who himself intends the abolishment of our Constitution. No one should accept as made in good faith the charge that we threaten civil freedom, coming from one who denies the very basis of all freedom. Least of all should we have to prove ourselves Christian to those who deny the authority of Jesus Christ.

Brief Synopsis of Many a Hollywood Romance

Chapter I. They met
On a set.

Chapter II. 'Twas love
From above
Right
At first sight.

Chapter III. The day they wed
Everyone said:
"With such a start
They'll never part!"

Chapter IV. Later, of course.
They got a divorce.

LGM



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

Why the Old Are Not Taken

With all the talk about mercy-killing that has been filling the papers, a reader has been inspired to ask why it is that God does sometimes allow old and useless persons to linger on and on, when they long to die. Apparently in that situation herself, this reader has no doubt about the evil of one person's killing another for any reason. It just seems difficult for her to understand why God should want to keep a useless person like herself alive, when He so often takes the young and active middle-aged.

No one would be so rash as to pretend to be able to probe the mind of God for a full explanation of this matter. It would be like attempting to state the full reasons why God permits any suffering in this world. But there are truths that old people can reflect on, which do reveal something of the mind of God.

It was St. Paul who said that God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong. Thus He often takes the strong, active and successful person out of the world suddenly in order to prove that He does not need the work of any man; to remind everyone that it is not human achievement that matters too much in His eyes, but rather the individual's readiness for death and the degree of holiness he has attained. By the same token He allows seemingly useless persons to live on because it is through their prayers and their sufferings that He can accomplish much more than through the feverish activities of the young.

God Himself expressed this in another way when He said that "He is able, out of stones, to raise up children to Abraham". In other words, it is His power that works good among men, and that these are used only as His instruments. He likes to show that He can use the weakest instruments, so that men of power and achievement will not become proud.

His own death on the cross was another manifestation of this truth. Nothing could have been more apparently useless than the last hours He spent on earth. Despised by His enemies, abandoned by His friends, robbed even of His clothing, beaten and hammered into a symbol of all the useless suffering in the world, He yet accomplished miracles of conversion by His passion and death. So through the "useless" days of a 90-year-old grandmother, spent in prayer and resignation for sinners, He can bring redemption and salvation to many souls.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

A peculiarly glib but unintelligent interpretation is being put on Catholic opposition to the Barden and Thomas bills that have come up for consideration in Congress. These bills have proposed that the federal government provide 300 million dollars to assist the States in educating their children. The Barden bill would have forbidden the States to use any of this money for non-public school children in any way. The Thomas bill would give the money to the States and then permit each State to decide whether any of it should be used for any service to non-public school children. Catholics have opposed both bills. Their opposition kept the Barden bill from reaching a vote. The Thomas bill, having been passed by the Senate in 1949, was quashed in the House committee handling it this March. The comment of many newspaper editorial writers was that Catholics had followed a dog-in-the-manger policy. They had used their influence to block necessary educational legislation because they were not to share its benefits. Some went further and said that they were trying to effect a union of church and state, and were opposing every educational bill that would not promote that end.

Such reasoning is nonsepisical. There is a matter of profoundly important principle at stake in the Thomas educational bill, and in Catholic opposition to it. This principle should be clearly grasped by all Catholics and repeatedly explained to non-Catholics. Catholics are not concerned with trying to obtain material support for their schools, their teachers, their educational equipment, from the federal government. The Thomas bill does not propose that federal money be given even for the building of public schools. It merely offers aid

to the States for raising their educational standards in the schools they build themselves, and for providing certain services such as bus transportation for children. There is no question of Catholics wanting to get their hands on federal money to build schools. Nor are they even asking that the main provisions of the bill, for paying teachers' salaries, procuring textbooks, etc., be applied to their schools. The only thing that Catholics want out of any federal grant-in-aid to education is an equal share in any funds earmarked for children's bus transportation to and from school. As the bill is written, this would require less than one per cent of the total 300 million dollars to be appropriated. Less than 2 million dollars of the total would reach Catholic hands, and that would not be for school-aid but for child aid. It would merely help Catholic children to get to and from school.

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Why does this seem so important to Catholics? Why is it important enough to move them to try to block the whole bill unless it be granted? It is because the complete exclusion of private and parochial school children from every conceivable benefit of a federal educational bill would constitute a national and authoritative expression of the view that the Catholic schools are not a genuine nor an acceptable part of the American educational system. It would be but the beginning of further federal discriminations against parents who use their natural and inalienable right to educate their children according to their consciences. It would mark the day of triumph for the many non-democratic Americans who have been arguing for years that the state and not parents should control all education in the United

States, that all children should be forced into public schools. It would be the first turn of the screw, the first application of federal pressure, to force parents to take their children out of parochial schools and to place them in public schools. It is not the pittance of 2 million dollars (out of 300 million) that Catholics are aroused about. They are already spending about 500 million dollars to maintain their own schools for almost three million Catholic children, and at the same time are contributing their full share of taxes to the maintenance of the public schools. They do not ask to be relieved of any of that 500 million dollar, personally assumed burden. They ask only that their children be recognized as American children, and their schools as American schools. They ask only that the federal government of the United States will not establish a principle in law that Catholic school children are second class American citizens, undeserving of any attention, consideration or recognition from their government.

No one should be deceived by the fact that the Thomas bill proposes what at first sight seems to be a fair enough treatment of parochial school children. It would have the federal government give the money to the States, and then let each State decide whether its laws and constitution permit it to dispense some of the money for the non-school needs (such as bus transportation) of parochial school children. This would put the federal government in the position of approving the anti-parochial school laws of some of the States. It would nullify and destroy one of the most important provisions of the Federal Constitution, which says: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

ing . . ." (Art. VI, sec. 2) It is the Constitution that states that all the citizens of the United States shall be entitled to equal protection of its laws. For the federal government to approve of some States using federal money for bus transportation to parochial schools, and to authorize other States to withhold the same federal money from children needing transportation to parochial schools, would mark the desecration of its dignity and the collapse of its authority to hold the States together.

Bus transportation for their school children is the only thing Catholics ask of a federal aid to education bill because this is something that can and should be given to a child without giving actual support to its school (therefore, without the remotest suspicion of uniting church and state) and because it is a symbol of the kind of recognition the federal government should be willing to give to the religious-minded citizens of the nation. One may say with equal force that the opposition of the Bishop Oxnams, of the Masonic lodges, of the National Educational Association, etc., to even this small recognition is a symbol of their desire to destroy the Catholic school system and to make education a monopoly of the State. Behind this is their desire to destroy the Catholic Church. It would be foolish of Catholics to be unmindful of this factor in the whole issue. It would be suicidal for Catholics not to use whatever democratic influence they possess to prevent the enemies of their religion from winning the Congress of the United States to espouse their cause. They certainly have a right to ask that Congress give one little sign of their equality with other citizens before the law of the land.

What do Catholics propose as an acceptable amendment to the Thomas bill? A small but important correction. They propose no changes in the general provisions that the 300 million dollars of fed-

eral funds be allocated to the States, according to their needs, to assist them in raising their educational standards. They do not ask that any of the 300 million dollars be used for teachers' salaries, equipment, etc., in Catholic schools. They propose however that in the matter of bus transportation, the money required for this be withheld from any State whose laws prohibit it from extending bus transportation to non-public school children, and, instead, be given directly to the non-public schools for that purpose. This is the provision that was written into the federal School Lunch Act that was passed in 1946, and that has been operating without opposition since that time. This is a provision that is in accord with a Supreme Court

decision of the State of Mississippi, to the effect that helping a child get to a parochial school is in no sense a grant of material support to that school, but merely a necessary assistance to a child in its fulfillment of the compulsory school laws of the State. This is a provision that is in accord with the practice of 17 States which already maintain bus transportation for non-public school children, without the slightest fear that they are thereby promoting a union of church and state. This is a provision that the federal government of the United States owes to 30 million of its citizens, who, by maintaining their own school system, are saving and will continue to save American taxpayers 500 million dollars a year.

Etiquette

From a sixteenth century book of etiquette, written by Archbishop Giovanni Della Casa of Benevento in Italy, the following sage counsels are taken. They present a revealing picture of what must have been fairly common breaches of good manners in that far-off day, and contain a few hints which might even be applicable in our modern day. The passage is quoted in *The Saving Sense* by Walter Dwight, S.J.:

"To grinde the teethe, to whistle, to make pitiful cries, to rubb sharp stones together, and to file uppon Iron do muche offend the Eares, and would be lefte in any case. We must also beware we do not sing, and specially alone, if we have an untuneable voice, which is a common fault with moste men: And yet, hee that is of nature least apt unto it, doth use it moste . . . There be some, that in yauning, braye and crye out like Asses . . . And a man must leave to yawne muche not only for the respect of the matter I have saide alreadye, as that it seems to proceede of a certaine werines, that shewes that he that yawneth, could better like to be elsewhere . . . Let a man take hede, hee does not befease his fingers so deepe, that he befyle the napkins too much: for it is an ill sight to see it: neither is it good manner, to rubbe your gresie fingers uppon the bread you must eate . . . And in like manner, to rise up where other men doe sit and talke, and to walke up and downe the chamber, it is no point of good manner . . . They are to bee blamed, that pull out their knives or their scissors, and doe nothing els but pare their nailes . . . Theis fasions to, must be left, that some men use, to sing betwene the teeth or play the dromme with their fingers, or shooftle their feete: For these demeanours shewe that a body is carelesse of any man ells."

The passage appears in the English of the original translation which was "imprinted at London for Raufe Newbery dwelling in Fleet-streate little above the Conduit. An. Do. 1576."



Catholic Anecdotes

The Art of Gratitude

A poor Arab was travelling in the desert, and happened upon a spring, where he gratefully refreshed himself. He then filled his leather bottle with the pure, fresh water, and continued on his way.

After many days, he arrived at the city of the Caliph. Securing an audience with the potentate, he gravely presented him with the leather bottle of water. It was the only gift he had, and he wanted to show his esteem for the ruler appointed over him by God.

The Caliph received the gift with signs of great pleasure. Pouring some of the water into a goblet, he drank it, and then, after thanking the poor Arab, rewarded him generously for his gift.

Thereupon all the courtiers pressed forward, eager to taste the wonderful water. But they were disappointed; the Caliph would not permit even his favorites to drink so much as a single drop.

When the Arab had departed with a heart full of joy, the Caliph explained why he had acted so strangely. In the long journey, the water in the leather bottle had become impure and evil tasting. But it was an offering of love, and as such the Caliph received it with pleasure.

He knew that if the others had tasted the water, they would have shown their disgust, and the poor man's feelings would have been wounded, and for this reason he reserved the tasting of the water to himself.

Co-workers

"When I grow up, I'm going to be a missionary and go to China, and if they kill me, so much the better!" said Fileas.

"I'll go with you," said his little sister. "I can work in a hospital and teach catechism."

"No, you can't," retorted the boy. "You don't know Latin. Only men can go to the missions. China is too far for a girl. Missionaries ride horses, elephants and crocodiles. They eat snakes and sleep in trees. You couldn't do that, could you?"

"I'm not afraid," she cried. "I could stay with you all the time, and you could tie me upon your elephant when you travel."

"It is impossible. You can't go with me," said Fileas. However, when he saw his sister so disappointed, he relented by saying:

"You may work for the missions by staying at home. You can do a lot of good here."

And so it happened, Fileas became a missionary and went to China, while his sister, Pauline Jaricot, became the foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and one of the very great apostles of charity of our time.

—*Frontier Call*

Worth Millions

A wealthy citizen of Athens was one day walking through the market place when he noticed a splendid store with a small sign hanging above it which read: "Wisdom For Sale". The man entered, and Diogenes, the proprietor, came forward to meet him. The rich man threw three silver coins down on the counter and asked: "How much wisdom will this buy?"

Taking the coins, Diogenes seized a pen and paper and wrote the following little gem of wisdom for the man: "In all things consider thy last end."



Pointed Paragraphs

Vanishing Mothers' Day

Mothers' Day is dwindling in significance.

Here is the reason: In the year 1948, there were 421,000 divorces in the United States, one for almost every three marriages. Involved in these divorces were 313,000 children under the age of 21, and two-thirds of this number were under 10 years of age.

So there were 421,000 American women who were destined by God to be home-makers and, in most cases, mothers of children. There were 313,000 children for whom Mothers' Day should have been a wonderful day of thanksgiving, celebration, testimonials of love for their mothers, and happy home life.

Instead, however, the 421,000 women have become misfits in society. Many of them have drab jobs in dime stores, in insurance offices, in hosiery factories, in restaurants. Many of them hang around bars and taverns and cocktail rooms, looking for men (married or single) to pick them up. Many of them are trying out a second or a third husband, and finding themselves as ill-adjusted as they were with their first. Many of them have given up their friendship of God and their hope of heaven and their peace of conscience in order to keep trying for perfect happiness in human love.

And the 313,000 children! Many of them don't realize, yet, what has happened to them. The only world they know is one in which they visit their fathers on Sunday afternoons, and their mothers on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and spend the rest of their time in orphanages, or reform schools, or among

strangers. Mothers' Day is a kind of wry joke for them.

Perhaps, right after Mothers' Day, we should celebrate an "Orphans' Day" for all the children whose mothers are living, but not living as mothers to them. On that day we should permit all such orphans to express the loneliness, emptiness, unhappiness of their hearts. We should let them recite sad poems and pieces against divorce and against their mothers. A quarter of a million homeless children, mourning the mothers and fathers they lost to divorce, might make fidelity a little easier for some who are just beginning to think that parenthood is a bore and divorce a boon.

Crimes You Could Share

The question of whether laws against commercial gambling lead to organized rackets and crime, or whether legalized gambling provides the set-up for such rackets, is raging these days.

Everybody knows, or should know, that the crime rings of prohibition days are now operating in the field of gambling.

If there is a book-maker's joint, or a Monte Carlo, or a roadhouse that is known to offer its patrons any kind of gambling, in or outside your city, you should know that this is probably run (from afar) by a gang that has corrupted your elected officials, that carries on feuds with other gangs, that has resorted to blackmail, robbery, assault and battery and cold-blooded murder to offer you a chance to gamble.

It does not seem to matter whether, in a given area, the laws of city, county,

or state, license gambling or whether they forbid it. If they permit it, the gang operates more or less openly, except when there is need to "rub out" a rival operator. If they forbid it, the gang operates under cover, or buys off the law enforcement officers.

Anyone who cares to check on what commercial gambling can do to an area should read the article in the March 18th *Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "The Sheltons: America's Bloodiest Gang". This gives a fair picture of what is going on in any state or county where there are gambling joints, legally or illegally open to the public. It is a horrible, terrifying, soul-shaking picture.

The question is not, therefore, whether gambling should be licensed or forbidden by law. The question is whether enough of the American people can be made to realize what they are supporting if they visit the crap-dens, bookmakers' hideouts, numbers game operators, and other gambling resorts in their neighborhood.

Here is your score of responsibility if you think it fun to patronize a commercial gambling house almost anywhere in America today:

You are paying tribute to the corruption of your own public officials, whom you helped to elect into a position of trust in the community.

You are helping to make millionaires out of men, probably living in a city far from your own, who could not do an honest day's work, and who would murder anybody for a price.

You are making yourself partially responsible for some of the murders that will appear in the papers under the legend: "Assailant unknown".

You are helping to break down all respect for law in your community, and to hand it over to the rule of thugs and criminals.

You are contributing to the moral

and social collapse of many individuals and families.

Gambling is not, in itself, a sin. But as things are today, with underworld syndicates controlling practically every slot machine and roulette table in use, gambling is not only a sin but a crime.

A Job for Women

During the past year or two comedians have based an increasing number of their jokes on the sparseness of women's clothing. Plunging necklines, bare-backed evening gowns, tight-fitting sweaters, bare midriffs, French bathing suits, etc., have all been used, with varying degrees of suggestiveness, for laughs.

It is, however, no laughing matter. Immodesty in dress is an occasion of sin. Those who wear suggestive clothing and those who call attention to it in jest or in entertainment are guilty of sin.

This is where Catholic girls and women have a job on their hands. It is their job to resist the tide of fashion when it runs counter to their consciences and the principles of the moral law. If the fashion in evening gowns calls for bare shoulders, deep fronts and naked backs, they should be willing to stand up against it even though the whole of society laughs at them. If the fashion in bathing suits is obviously designed to catch lewd and lustful eyes, they should have none of it, even though it means giving up swimming.

In St. Louis recently a gathering of some 350 Catholic women met with delegates of all the Catholic girls' high schools and colleges in the city and pledged themselves to set an example in this matter. They banned for themselves and for those under their guidance "Bikini" bathing suits, low-cut gowns and plunging necklines. They prepared to talk to dress designers and store managers in an effort to convince them that they should make decent

apparel available for decent women. This should be not merely a local Catholic movement, but one of national scope.

The ABC's of Democracy

The ABC is the heart and the soul of the bowling body of the United States of America. If you want to bowl officially, and not just for fun, you must do it under the auspices of the ABC. The letters mean The American Bowling Congress.

The rules of the ABC reach into every corner of the country, north and south, east and west. Some of the rules are not very good. They would be fine in a country like Russia or in an organization like the Ku Klux Klan. They seem rather strange in a country like the United States.

In a little town in central Michigan the members of the Newman Club of a college in that town decided on a bowling tournament. One of the members of the Newman Club was a colored boy. He was a good Catholic, a respected citizen, a self-effacing young man. He was well thought of by those who knew him.

This young man liked to bowl. So, he entered the Newman Club tournament. Woe to him because of the color of his skin! The ABC had its eyes open, its spies out, its big stick in readiness. When the Negro's turn came to bowl, the owner of the alleys held up his hand. Balls stopped rolling; white men stood at attention; silence commanded the moment.

"I'm sorry," said the owner of the alleys. "ABC rules forbid Negroes to take part in bowling tournaments that are connected with the ABC. I cannot allow you to bowl." This was spoken to the Negro. "I'm sorry. I would not do such a thing myself. But I'm helpless. It's the ABC."

The colored boy quietly put down the ball, replacing it on the rack. The president of the Newman Club protested. The local priest argued. To no avail. Either the Negro would desist from bowling or the tournament would be stopped. ABC! The first three letters of the alphabet. But the last three letters of human decency, democracy and charity.

The Negro caused no trouble. He knew his place, as they say. Meekly turning to the proprietor, he said, "Would it be all right if I came here to bowl when nobody else was around?"

We don't know what the proprietor said. Probably he said that it would be perfectly in order. At least we hope that he said it.

And so we leave the ABC with its shiny alleys, its countrywide network of teams and tournaments and its un-American snobbishness; and we accompany the young Negro to the bowling parlors where he shall bowl alone. We wonder if they will make him pick up his own pins. We don't dare go in, for we are white. If we did go in, he wouldn't be allowed to bowl at all.

Negro Status

According to figures recently released by Fides News Service and the Commission for Catholic Missions among the Colored People and Indians, there are 14,500,000 Negroes in the United States.

Of these, 362,427 are Catholics.

In 1948, 8857 Negroes entered the Catholic Church, the largest one-year increase in 60 years.

About one-third of the Negroes in the United States are Protestant.

Over 8,000,000 Negroes have no church affiliations.

There are 438 priests working among the colored, of whom 30 are Negroes.

Take it from there, Catholic America!



Liguorian



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

THE LAST THINGS

6. *The Last Judgment:*

It is an article of our holy faith that there will be a last judgment. After the universal resurrection, everyone will be called upon to appear before Jesus Christ, the supreme Judge, to be examined according to his works and to receive the sentence which will assign him to eternal life or to eternal death. So many texts in Sacred Scripture declare this doctrine that St. Augustine remarks that it cannot be called into doubt without renouncing one's faith, refusing all credence to the Sacred Scriptures. In unmistakable words, Jesus Christ referred to this judgment on a number of occasions: "When the Son of man shall come in his majesty, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit upon the seat of his majesty: and all nations shall be gathered together before him, and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left." (Mt. 25/31-33) "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day". (J. 12/48). And St. Paul emphasizes this doctrine of the Divine Master: "For we must all be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil." (2 Cor. 5/10).

We have already indicated the reason for this final judgment, while treating of the particular judgment. It is, as St. Thomas explains, that the Divine Justice, which so frequently remains hidden in the present life, might be re-

vealed to all men. So often in the present life do we behold sinners enjoying prosperity, while the just seem to be overwhelmed by adversity; and it is very frequently difficult to declare who is good and who is evil. Undoubtedly, after death each will receive his reward or punishment according to his merits, but the outcome of each man's life will remain unknown to others during the present life. Hence it is necessary that the full truth be made manifest to all men after the end of the world, that all the dispositions of the divine justice might be universally recognized. So many works of men, too, during the present life appear to be good or evil because we are ignorant of their true purpose. In this revelation of the last judgment, therefore, the Lord will reveal the truth to all men that each may receive the praise or blame which his deeds really deserve.

We have already treated of the question as to the time when the last judgment will occur, when we spoke of the end of the world and the resurrection of all men. For just as the time of these two events is completely hidden from us, so also is that of the general judgment. In the 5th Council of the Lateran, Pope Leo X reaffirmed this certainty of our faith when he proclaimed: "Let no one rashly teach or affirm anything as certain with regard to the time fixed for future catastrophes, the coming of the Antichrist or the day of judgment".

The universal judgment will most probably take place in the city of Jerusalem. For it is surely becoming that Christ judge and condemn His enemies in that place where He Himself was

judged by them. This can also be gathered from the prophet, Joel, who exclaimed that "the Lord shall roar out of Sion and utter his voice from Jerusalem". As to the exact spot in the vicinity of Jerusalem, where the judgment shall take place, theologians generally agree that it will be the valley of Josaphat, which extends between the walls of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. Though not a certain opinion, it has a sound foundation, based as it is upon a number of texts of Sacred Scripture.

In a number of texts, for instance, in the third chapter of the prophet, Joel, the valley of Josaphat seems to be indicated as the site for the final judgment. "I will gather together all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Josaphat." (3/2) In the same chapter he prophesies: "Let them arise, and let the nations come up into the valley of Josaphat; for there I will sit to judge all nations round about."

(3/12) And the prophet himself makes it clear that the judgment of which he speaks is the universal judgment, when he exclaims: "Nations, nations in the valley of destruction: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of destruction. The sun and the moon are darkened, and the stars have withdrawn their shining." (3/13-14).

The same conclusion may be reached from the words of the angel to the Apostles after Christ's Ascension into heaven: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up into heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, as you have seen him going into heaven". (Acts 1/11). St. Thomas concludes from these words that, since Christ ascended into heaven from the Mount of Olives, he will also descend there to judge the world, for the angel exclaimed that He shall *so* come. And it is only fitting that He

crown the work of His redemption in the place where He completed it by sacrificing His life upon the Cross.

The reader may justly wonder how it will be possible for the millions of men who will come to be judged to be confined within the limits of the valley of Josaphat. We do not claim that all men will be gathered together in this valley, but only that Jesus Christ will come to the judgment, seating himself in a high place overlooking this valley, for the prophet Joel says: "There I will sit to judge all nations round about." Our Lord will, therefore, be seated in a place from which He will be able easily to perceive all men, for the elect will be elevated in the clouds at His right, and the reprobate will be placed at his left in the valley and its vicinity. Thus explained, the texts cited agree with the words of the prophet, Zacharias, speaking of the final judgment: "His feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives."

After predicting the different signs which shall precede the universal judgment, Christ, in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, adds: "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven; and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty." Though some interpreters have explained these words as referring to the Sacred Body of Jesus Christ Himself, marked with the scars of His wounds, it is more commonly held by the Fathers of the Church that they refer to the Cross Itself, for It has come to be accepted in the tradition and prayers of the Church as the official sign of Jesus Christ. The official prayer-book of the Church, the Roman Breviary, endorses this opinion: "This sign of the Cross shall appear in the heavens when the Lord shall come to judge the world."

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI, 1899-

Catholic Poet and Apologist

I. Life:

John Gilland Brunini was born on October 1, 1899, in Vicksburg, Mississippi, the son of John B. and Blanche Stein Brunini. His early education was obtained at St. Aloysius High School, Vicksburg, and the degree of B.A. was awarded him by Georgetown University in 1919. After graduation, Mr. Brunini was employed by the United Fruit Company for four years. From 1924 to 1928, he worked as a reporter for various New York newspapers. Then Mr. Brunini served as an associate editor of the *Commonweal*, the Catholic layman's magazine, from 1928 until 1931. Since 1932 he has been the executive director of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, and has edited *Spirit*, the official organ of the Society since its inception in 1934. Mr. Brunini has always taken an active role in civic affairs. He was executive director of the Temple of Religion at the World's Fair in New York, and has been a director of the New York Park Association for a number of years. At the sesquicentennial celebration of his alma mater the honorary degree of Master of Arts was bestowed upon him. Mr. Brunini makes his home in New York.

II. Writings:

Mr. Brunini, in his office as editor of *Spirit*, has had a great role in guiding the direction of Catholic poetry in the last

fifteen years. He has attempted to eliminate the shallow pietism that so often in the past sought expression in sentimental poetry. On the other hand, he has fought against the modern tendency to use bizarre techniques that are unintelligible to the reader.

Mr. Brunini has two published works. *The Mysteries of the Rosary* contains beautiful poetical meditations on the rosary. In 1947, he gave expression to his mature thought on the nature and function of poetry in a series of essays, *The Return to Poetry*. As editor of *Spirit*, he is responsible for two collections of the best poetry that appeared in the magazine, *From the Four Winds*, and *Drink from the Rock*.

III. The Book:

Mr. Brunini's most popular book is one of his latest, *Whereon to Stand*. In this volume the author examines his philosophy of life. He shows that the modern religions have been built upon the shifting sands and that the only place to stand is upon the Rock established by Christ. A fair appraisal of the position of its opponents leads him to a logical exposition of his faith. From it Catholics will be strengthened in their religion and sincere non-Catholics may receive the first impetus to a further investigation of the one stable foundation *Whereon to Stand*.

MAY BOOK REVIEWS

Apologetical Classic

Of God and His Creatures. An annotated translation, with some abridgement, of the *Summa Contra Gentiles* of St. Thomas Aquinas. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Westminster, Maryland: The Carroll Press. 423 pp. Price, \$6.50.

This is the monumental apologetical work of St. Thomas Aquinas. It has special value today because the worship of science has led so many to give up even thinking about God and religion. In this volume St. Thomas shows, with inexorable logic and pyramiding demonstrations, that science cannot possibly be opposed to revealed truth or to faith, and that divine revelation is necessary if man is to attain his proper end in life.

The book was originally written at the request of St. Raymond of Penafort in Spain, who at that time was working for the conversion of the Spanish Moors and Jews, and who asked St. Thomas to provide him with a sound philosophical treatise on which to base his efforts. It is just as valuable for the apostle, religious or lay, of our own times, whose task it is to bring the truth to the secularists, pagans and agnostics that abound in the modern world. Its wisdom is, indeed, perennial and universal.

The four major divisions of the work are: I. Of God as He is in Himself; II. Of God and the Origin of Creatures; III. Of God the End of Creatures; IV. Of God in His Revelation. Under these simple headings the whole of creation is made to fall into an order that captivates the mind and answers the questionings of every man. No library can be without it.

Religious Instruction at Home

God in Our House. By Joseph A. Breig. New York: America Press. 156 pp. Price, \$2.50.

There are many Christian parents who

want to learn or who need to be taught how to weave religious lessons unobtrusively but effectively into the rearing of their children. We could not offer them a more excellent object lesson and manual than this book: *God in Our House*. The father, the author of the book, relates conversations with his children while he walks home from church with them, takes them for an evening stroll, or sits in the living room with them. The subject of each conversation is something heard in one of the Sunday Gospels. The lessons are simply put, sometimes drawn out of the questioning mind of a child; yet they are filled with accurate theology and high asceticism. The style is so homey, chatty and realistic that the reader is carried along as if under a spell. This is to be expected, because Joe Breig is one of the finest Catholic journalists and writers in the United States today. Get acquainted with him and his family through this book, if you have not yet met him. If you already know him, you will not be without this book.

Wayward Priests

Shepherds in the Mist. By E. Boyd Barrett. New York: The Declan X. McMullen Co. 102 pp. Price, \$2.00.

This is one of the most unusual convert stories ever written. It is the autobiographical drama of an excommunicated Jesuit's return to the fold of Peter. Pointed in the direction of a plea for more sympathy and charity towards priests who have abandoned their ministry, it presents a revealing and touching picture of the mental, social and economic problems that face one who has renounced his obedience to the Church and his religious superiors.

Many little revelations of the book are especially valuable. It is made clear, for example, that about the only motive force that really induces ex-priests to give lec-

tures against the Catholic Church is economic pressure. They are so totally unfitted to make a living in the hard business world that the offer of money for such lectures eventually becomes all but irresistible. It is interesting to note, too, the reaction of the ex-priest to his own speeches against the Church, and the treatment he receives from those who hire him.

It took a humble man to write this book, as it took great humility for the same man to return to the faith he had abandoned. It will make every reader rejoice and give thanks for this conversion, and pray harder for shepherds who are still "in the mist".

Holy Year

The Holy Year of 1950. New York: The Paulist Press. 48 pages. Price, 10 cents a single copy; \$7.50 a hundred.

Complete information for the laity on the Holy Year, beginning with the text of the Papal Bull announcing it, and ending with a calendar of the major religious events scheduled during the year in Rome. Exquisite photographs of some of the reli-

gious beauties of Rome are scattered through the pages.

The Catholic Press

The Catholic Voice. Edited by Theodore J. Vittoria, S.S.P. 243pp. Youngstown: Society of St. Paul Press. \$2.00

Father Theodore, a member of the newly established Society of St. Paul, which seeks to promote the Catholic Press, is the compiler of this collection of essays by prominent Catholic authors about the status and the future of Catholic journalism in the United States. The authors are outspoken in their feeling that the Catholic Press has not yet reached the position it should enjoy. There has been too much of purely local news in the Catholic press. Neil McNeil, the assistant business manager of the *New York Times* tells us of the shortcomings of both the press and Catholic readers. The editor of the *Liguorian* is the author of the Primer on Propaganda, that first appeared in this magazine. Readers will enjoy these short, provocative essays.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

AVE MARIA PRESS: *The Laughter of Niobe.* By Charlotte M. Kelly.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO.: *What Are These Wounds?* By Thomas Merton; *The Unholy Three.* By Rev. Henry J. Romanowski.

CATHOLIC AUTHORS PRESS: *Outlaws of Ravenhurst.* By Sister M. Imelda Wallace.

CATHOLIC DIGEST: *Guilty of Treason.* By Emmet Lavery.

THE GRAIL: *The Medal.* By Mary Fabian Windeatt. *Glories of Divine Grace.* By Mathias Scheeben.

B. HERDER CO.: *A Master of The Spiritual Life.* By R. Thibaut; *Union With God.* By Abbot Marmion. *The Catholic Church in the United States.* By Theodore Roemer; *True Stories for First Communicants.* By a School Sister of Notre Dame; *First Communion Days.* By

a School Sister of Notre Dame; *The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. 1 & 2 By Maurice Meschler, S.J.

DECLAN X. McMULLEN: *The Catholic Story of Liberia.* By Martin J. Blane.

MISSION PRESS: *Come, Creator Spirit.* By A. Biskupek.

PUSTET: *Gospel Gems.* By Canon Paul Marc.

ST. FRANCIS BOOK SHOP: *Good Morning, Good People.* By Hyacinth Blocker.

OUTLINE PRESS INC.: *The Answer to Communism.* By Dr. Francis Joseph Brown.

RADIO REPLIES PRESS: *What Parents Should Tell Their Young Ones on Sex.* By L. Rumble, M.S.C.; *Communion Crusade.* By Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER INC.: *Must It Be Communism.* By Augustine J. Osgnach.

BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the University of Scranton.

I. Suitable for all classes of readers:

Global Mission—Arnold
Our Lady in Our Life—Bernadot
Under the Sun of Satan—Bernanos
The Best Science Fiction Stories—Bleiler
Pemberley Shades—Bonavia-Hunt
The Mudlark—Bonnet
The Edge of Doom—Brady
Midnight Boy—Chamberlain
Guard of Honor—Cozzens
A Mockingbird Sang at Chickamauga—Crabb
No Banners, No Bugles—Ellsberg
The Lonely—Gallico
Call It Treason—Howe
Rest and Be Thankful—MacInnes
The Waters of Siloe—Merton
The Irish—O'Faolain
Mary and Joseph—O'Shea
Listen to the Mocking Bird—Perelman
Burnt Out Incense—Raymond
My Lamp is Bright—Smith
Days of Misfortune—Stein
Especially Father—Taber
Saint Among the Hurons—Talbot
Your Amiable Uncle—Tarkington
The Wolfshead—Wheelright
Fraternity Village—Williams

II. Suitable for adults only:

A. Because style and contents are too advanced for adolescents:
The Wisdom of Catholicism—Pegis
Hand Me A Crime—Russell
The Thread That Runs So True—Stuart
The High Cost of Vengeance—Utley
Ortega y Gasset—Villasenor
The Crack in the Column—Weller
Live With Lightning—Wilson
The Doctor Wears Three Faces—Bard
A Summer's Tale—Brace
West of the Hill—Carroll
Our English Heritage—Johnson
Encounter With Nothingness—Kuhn
Human Relations in a Changing World—Leighton
The Treasure of Naples—Marotta
Cuttas Empire—Mason

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

The Borgia Testament—Balchin
High Jungle—Beebe
The Freeholder—Brown
Let Love Come Last—Caldwell
The Chosen—Edwards
After the Storm—Hale
The Lily and the Leopards—Harwood
The Question of Gregory—Janeway
A Little Sleep, A Little Slumber—Katkov
The Queen Bee—Lee
Cities of the Deep—Lyons
No Matter What Happens—Miller
Revolt in San Marcos—North
A Rage to Live—O'Hara
Nineteen Eighty-four—Orwell
No Wall So High—Powers
Epicurus, My Master—Radin
Pink Magic—Runbeck
The Gamester—Sabatini
The Bubbling Spring—Santee
Alien Land—Savoy
Twilight on the Floods—Steen
Tomorrow We Reap—Street
Come Clean, My Love—Taylor
The Egyptian—Waltari

III. Suitable only for discriminating adults:
The Primitive—Feikema
The Man Who Made Friends With Himself—Morley

IV. Not recommended to any class of reader:
Hunter's Horn—Arnow
Playtime is Over—Davis
Limbo Tower—Gresham
A Woman of Samaria—Ingles
Irene—Marsh
The Sure Thing—Miller
Inishfallen Fare Thee Well—O'Casey
The Mature Mind—Overstreet
Lead, Kindly Light—Sheean
O Shepherd, Speak—Sinclair
Elephant Walk—Standish
Opus 21—Wylie
Pride's Castle—Yerby



Lucid Intervals

Mrs. MacGillicuddy walked into the butcher shop and said "I'd like to have six and seven-eighths pounds of flank." The butcher thought it was a rather unusual request but maybe Mrs. M. had a special recipe . . . so he brought the meat out of the icebox and placed it on the cutting block. He made a wild stab and cut off a piece that weighed six and a half pounds. It wouldn't do. So again he measured carefully, made a stab, and it came out six and three-quarter pounds. She couldn't use it. Finally, after several attempts, he got a piece of meat that weighed exactly six and seven-eighths pounds.

Relieved, he said, "Well, Mrs. MacGillicuddy, will you take it with you or shall I send it up?"

To which Mrs. M. answered, "Who wants it? I'm dieting and that's how much I lost. I wanted to see how it looks in one lump."

Son: "Daddy, what are ancestors?"

Daddy: "I'm one of your ancestors and so is grandpa."

Son: "Then why do people brag about them?"

"Has Bill changed much?"

"He thinks he has."

"How's that?"

"He's always telling about what a fool he used to be."

The vicar was addressing the Sunday school children. After several minutes he asked: "And now is there any boy or girl who would like to ask me a question?"

For a moment there was silence and then a shrill voice piped out. "Please sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Ah, I see," said the vicar. "Now would anyone like to answer that question?"

A friend of ours doesn't approve of the way mathematics are taught in our modern schools. For the last three nights he has been trying to help his young daughter out of a morass of tangled computation which she has been given for home work.

He tells us that neither of them is getting anywhere. Last night his daughter warned him that it was going to be even worse next week. "What happens next week?" he asked. "Well," said his fellow sufferer, "next week they're going to begin teaching us the dismal system!"

During a conversation with an old friend he hadn't seen for some time, a Florida farmer was asked how he had been sleeping.

"I sleep good nights," he said, "and I sleep pretty good mornings, but afternoons I just seem to twist and turn."

The brand-new husband became alarmed at his mother-in-law's tendency to overstay her welcome, so he surreptitiously switched on the family wire recorder during one of the lady's more gabby moments. Some time later, he managed to play the monologue back over the radio loudspeaker as though it were a commercial program.

"What a horrible program!" the mother-in-law exclaimed before the awful truth dawned on her.

She was on her way home within the hour.

Pheasant hunters, arriving at dusk in a small Dakota village, stopped a native and inquired for the best restaurant in town.

"There's one up that way," he said pointing north. "And there's another down there." He jerked his thumb south. "But whichever one you're at, you'll wish to Heaven you'd picked the other."